The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Wednesday September 2, 1931

British Labor Fails

The New Dissenters - *Joseph Percival Pollard*

Selling the 5-Year Plan - *Harry W. Laidler*

Frontier Literature - *Matthew Josephson*

Street War in New York - *Editorial*

The Calles Plan - *Carleton Beals*

Hoover Dam - *Edmund Wilson*

Forbes Library
Northampton, Mass.

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

VOL. LXVIII. NO. 874

ered as Second Class matter November 6, 1914 at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. under the act of March 3, 1879

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Ready September 1

CONCENTRATION *of* CONTROL *in* AMERICAN INDUSTRY

by

HARRY W. LAIDLER, Ph. D.

Executive Director, League for Industrial Democracy; President, (1930-1931) National Bureau of Economic Research; Author, "History of Socialist Thought," etc.

THIS is the first book since Moody's "The Truth About the Trusts", twenty-five years ago, to present a comprehensive survey of the extent of industrial concentration in this country. Students of economic questions and those active in the political life of the country especially should find it a source of valuable information. In the colleges it should be considered an indispensable reference book in various courses in business administration, corporations and trusts, and in general courses in economics.

518 pages, 8 vo. $3.75

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

393 Fourth Avenue New York City

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1931 NUMBER 874

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The Week

IN APPOINTING Walter F. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and other leading industrialists to a committee for the purpose of directing unemployment relief, President Hoover has made a gesture to forestall action by Congress which would carry with it federal appropriations and increased income taxes. Whether the committee will be as successful in caring for the destitute as in protecting the incomes of the rich against taxation remains to be seen. At any rate it is fitting that the responsibility for relief should be definitely taken from the organs of constitutional government and placed upon what used to be called the "invisible government." These men provide all the presently effective leadership we have; what they have done and failed to do is responsible for the existence of unemployment, and it is well for the historical development of events, if not for the nourishment of the unemployed, that they should shoulder the task of succor. At the very beginning it must be noted, however, that their contribution will be largely of "coördination" and not of hard cash. For the worn formula is being followed that responsibility for relief is local. This means that concentrated profits and incomes are not to be tapped for the benefit of the areas from which they have been derived, but rather that employees and owners of real estate upon whom local taxes are levied will be expected to fork out the money—if they can.

THE report of the bankers' committee called by the London Conference to consider further assistance to Germany parallels in almost every respect the analysis of the situation to which The New Republic has long adhered. Germany has been paying reparations and the service on her foreign debts only by borrowing abroad. This cannot go on indefinitely. Yet there is no way for Germany to maintain her population and pay her current obligations for the next few months without new foreign borrowing. It would not help Germany and would not be safe for the lenders to let her have large additional long-term credits—in spite of her immediate need for them—unless a method can be devised for Germany thereafter to pay what she owes out of her own production. This is possible only by maintaining a surplus of exports over imports, and by doing so, moreover, in a way which does not impoverish the German people. It means increasing exports rather than decreasing imports. That cannot be achieved, and the confidence necessary to a new loan cannot be established without international appeasement, reducing Germany's foreign obligations to an extent such that further "snow-balling" of debts will not be in prospect, and removing obstacles to the flow of goods across international borders. In other words, though a "nonpolitical" document of this kind cannot use such specific phrases, the bankers prescribe disarmament, scaling down of reparations, if not complete cancellation, and downward tariff revision, not to say economic union. The success of these measures in turn will depend on a recovery from depression. How that is to be achieved the report does not specify, aside from saying that it requires a flow of fresh investment capital to distribute purchasing power.

NEGOTIATION of a nonaggression treaty between France and Russia, accompanied by a new trading agreement, has an immediate bearing on the problem of European peace. This bi-party

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Kellogg pact, coming at a time when Germany is halted on the brink of revolution, means that the Soviet government has cast its lot with peace and trade, and is not attempting to fish in troubled waters. If Germany should go either Fascist or Communist—and if it went Fascist it probably would soon go Communist—war with France and her ally Poland would be likely. Russia, in this case, would be Germany's logical ally. But Russia now agrees not to fight France. This can mean only that the Soviet government does not want a Communist revolution in Germany, with the war which would probably follow. It needs, above all things, a continuation of peace so that it can devote its full energies to useful production, and can acquire the foreign materials and assistance necessary to build up the Russian productive machine. It has chosen the path of success for national socialism in a capitalist world, rather than the path of world revolution. If the possibilities of revolution elsewhere should become serious enough, we might even see the foreign Communists held back by the Kremlin.

COUNT BETHLEN, Fascist Premier of Hungary, and his entire government have resigned, and the Regent, Admiral Horthy, has invited Count Julius Karolyi, at one time foreign minister under Bethlen, to form a new government. This sudden change in the ministry must be recognized as a new sequel to the German fiscal crisis, which has shaken up all the states of Europe and deeply altered their foreign politics. Since the dictator Bethlen had for ten years pursued a policy hostile to the Francophile Little Entente in Eastern Europe, and had aimed at alliance, first with Italy, then with a united Austria and Germany, his passing undoubtedly means that Hungary has fallen under the sphere of French influence. For, in connection with the national loan of $25,000,000, hurried through during the crisis precipitated by the German collapse, France advanced probably half of the needed credit, and in so doing must have exacted as her pound of flesh certain severe "political conditions" which made the retirement of Bethlen necessary. Ever since the Treaty of Versailles was signed, France has been encircling the Central Powers by means of the ring of her military alliances with Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Balkan States. Now in the moment of financial disaster France, apparently as strong in gold as in bayonets, seeks to dominate Hungary, long unreconciled to the loss of 68 percent of her territory and 51 percent of her population. The bankruptcy of the Central European Powers and the weakness of England are exploited as favorable occasions for furthering the French conquest of the European continent. But in the Hungarian incident there is an added significance, according to realistic observers: it is an example, upon a smaller scale, of the kind of financial diplomacy the French will soon attempt in Berlin.

STRIKERS in the coal fields of southern West Virginia and in the Pittsburgh district are now engaged in what their leaders describe as an "organized retreat." Owing to lack of funds and approaching cold weather, the men of the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union were ordered by their leaders to return to work in eight camps, although the strike is being carried on at five or six others whose owners refuse to deal with the union. Farther north, in the Pennsylvania-Ohio fields, the insurgent unions are also ordering their men back to work, sometimes with partial concessions wrung from the operators in respect to laboring conditions, sometimes without them. They have gained in experience, discipline and aggressiveness. Their truce is seen by their leaders as a temporary rather than a permanent cessation of hostilities, and it is the expressed intention of "independent" unions to go on spreading their organization and preparing their men for new battles in the near future. In the meantime the coal industry remains in a chaotic state, with some operators begging the government to intervene, and others still seeking to shut out the unions, reduce wages and lower the living conditions of the miners, as their only expedient against bankruptcy. So long as this condition rules, uprisings of the miners are to be looked for at regular intervals.

BIGOTRY and tyrannical repression have been declining a little in the United States, according to the annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union, an organization which carries on an unremitting warfare along the outposts of human freedom. The beginning of economic depression in 1930 caused many hysterical outbursts on the part of the watchdogs of society, as fear of disorder or insurrection spread everywhere: 1,630 cases of free-speech prosecution occurred, as against 228 in the prosperous year of 1929; the instances of mob violence, lynchings and suppressed meetings doubled and tripled. But in the first five months of 1931 —although violence now rules in strike regions— the forces of darkness seemed to give ground; the larger communities were less often rendered panic-stricken by the agitational tactics of Communists, who generally bear the brunt of attack; while the American Legion, the D. A. R., the Better America Federation (of Los Angeles), and the new "American Order of Fascisti and Black Shirts" (offshoot of the Ku Klux Klan), curbed their ardor a little. As the depression deepens, fear grows of inviting reprisals by persecuted minorities. But part of the improved moral temper is certainly traceable to the energetic actions of the Civil Liberties Union representatives, who by their prompt intercession often counterbalance the over-righteous jingoes, or obtain dismissal of charges against victims of plain persecution. The activities of the Union are multifarious and invaluable, and its report illuminates certain phases of American society which seem scarcely credible to sophisticated citizens. Now its

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work of defense deals with tragic situations, such as the Mooney-Billings case; now it has comic-opera aspects, as when it is confronted by such knights-in-armor as Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr. In the last case it was an appeal to the sense of humor that routed the shadow-boxing professional patriots. A still more liberal use of humor in propaganda or defense tactics might prove discomfiting to militant Fundamentalists and flag wavers, if not to the mine operators and manufacturers who are the more dangerous enemies of free speech.

THE dismissal of Professor Herbert A. Miller by the trustees of Ohio State University, which The New Republic has discussed at some length in its pages, has recently been further attacked by a report of the American Association of University Professors. This report asserts that the dismissal was a violation of "every essential safeguard" for the preservation of free speech and the security of the American professors' tenure of office. Moreover, the report alleges bad faith on the part of the trustees in handling the case and concludes by saying that academic freedom and the reinstatement of Dr. Miller are necessary before the university can regain "the esteem of intelligent opinion throughout the country." This is excellent advice, but that the trustees will take it seems doubtful in the light of their recent appointment of a new head of the English department. They appointed one of the few members of the faculty who has shown no antagonism toward them, rejecting the administration's candidate, whose only drawback, so far as can be discovered from the news reports, is that he was guilty, with 152 other members of the faculty, of signing the petition defending academic freedom and criticizing the board of trustees for ousting Dr. Miller.

THAT Canada, in one unfortunate respect, is following the example of the United States instead of the British traditions in which she takes such pride is shown by the willingness of Canadian municipal and police authorities in many cities to violate the rights of free speech and assembly at every sign of radical propaganda. Press reports from the large industrial centers during the past year indicate that the merry sport of Red baiting has been in full swing. Those two seats of financial power, Montreal and Toronto, were naturally the worst offenders. In Montreal a properly nominated candidate for Parliament was prevented from addressing the public at the last federal elections because he was a Communist. In January a series of meetings at which unemployed men attempted to air their grievances was broken up by the police and several speakers were arrested, Louis J. Engdahl, secretary of the International Labor Defense, being among the number. Many attempted parades of the unemployed have been dispersed with club and baton. In Toronto the same tactics have been followed. There the police have widened the area of suppression by means of threats to proprietors of halls used for meetings; in this way a pacifist society, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, was effectively prevented from carrying on its work. Miss Agnes Macphail, a member of Parliament, had to cancel an engagement to lecture to its members. In Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal, the sections of the Criminal Code dealing with sedition and unlawful assembly have been successfully invoked against men who spoke to audiences of unemployed, the Montreal conviction of five Communists for sedition resting solely on garbled versions of speeches reported by two semi-literate constables. The weapon of deportation is also being extensively used. More than 4,200 helpless immigrants were got rid of during 1930-31 on the ground that they were "public charges," which means simply that they were unemployed or "Reds." If this general policy is continued there is likely to be serious trouble during the coming winter.

SOME weeks ago The New Republic asked how far the movies, in a desperate attempt to bolster up their flagging incomes, would go in exploiting commercial products through their films. Judging by recent news, it now seems that they have already made much progress in this direction. At least two of the larger movie firms are now busily turning out films for advertisers; it is reported that they have already increased their incomes by $3,000,000 in this way. The technique employed in placing commercial products before the audience varies, but the two most popular forms are by announcing that the film is presented with the compliments of, let us say, the Insomnia Mattress Company, and by the slightly subtler method of introducing the products or their trade names into the films. Thus, an unsuspecting audience will behold a hero stuffing himself with Krinkle Krispies, a box of which is ostentatiously displayed on the breakfast table, before he sallies forth to battle the villain. The heroine, before falling into a clinch with her lover, sprays herself with copious quantities of a widely advertised perfume. It is said that the movie producers could double or triple their income by hiring themselves out as sandwich men to big business, but are deterred by a fear of antagonizing the public. However, it is not quite credible that such a fear would impede them when a few cool millions dangle before their noses. A more likely reason may be sought in the antagonism of the movie-house owners, who regard all advertising plums as inalienably their own. They believe that inasmuch as they own the screen, they alone should be paid when it is rented out for the exploitation of commercial products. Whether or not they will be able to keep the film producers out of their plum tree remains to be seen. If their antagonism can save the public from having advertising slipped down its back in the fashion the producers are beginning to adopt, they deserve all success in their struggle.

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British Labor Fails

THE COLLAPSE of the British Labor government will be widely hailed as the failure of socialism in Great Britain. It is not a failure of socialism, but a failure of nominally Socialist leaders who, without the power or the immediate inclination to establish socialism, unwisely chose to pilot British capitalism through the most critical period it has ever faced.

The immediate occasion of the overturn is, of course, the financial crisis arising from the prospect of a large budgetary deficit in the ensuing fiscal year. There were, theoretically, numerous ways of increasing income or decreasing expenses. Suggestions have included refunding part or all of the government debt at a lower rate, taxing bondholders, imposing higher income taxes, installing a revenue, cutting unemployment benefits, civil-services in general. In order to find a practical fiscal policy, the government had to discover one which would be supported at the same time not only by its own party but by enough Liberal or Conservative votes to form a majority. This was impossible, since the interests represented by the Liberals and Conservatives would not make the sacrifices demanded of them unless Labor would consent to sacrifices on behalf of the unemployed and the recipients of government salaries—sacrifices which constituted a long step in the direction of general wage-cutting. And the majority faction of the party would not accept these measures.

Why was not more time available to attempt a compromise? There was at first some mystery about this question, but the outlines of the crisis have now loomed out of the London fog. Great Britain, hard hit by the depression, has suffered both from the falling away of her exports and the tying up of her investments abroad. This has intensified the banking weakness which had caused trouble periodically for a long time before: the gold reserve in London has been too small. Payments out of the country continually threatened to exceed payments coming in, and whenever they did so, gold had to be sacrificed to prevent the exchange value of the pound from falling. The German crisis in particular has immobilized a large part of Britain's foreign credits. The result is that her own exchange position has become critical. When sterling suddenly fell, it was a sign that the Bank of England had, at least temporarily, reached the end of its rope. A credit of $250,000,000 from the Bank of France and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York ended the drop of sterling as suddenly as it began. But now, according to The London Times, this credit "is approaching exhaustion, and within a few days further large credits must be obtained. They will be unobtainable unless some scheme is produced which will satisfy those to whom application is made to support sterling, that they will be supporting a currency possessing a first-class life." This can mean only that French and American bankers would have allowed the pound to seek bottom unless there had been immediate assurance that the British budget would be balanced, and balanced at least in part through sacrifices by British labor.

It is easy to picture this as a plot of foreign capitalists, in alliance with reactionary interests in Great Britain, against the working man. French and American bankers undoubtedly have an intense dislike for the "dole," for high income and profits taxes, for death duties, for anything smacking of a capital levy, and for other so-called socialistic measures. They have taken their opportunity to oust the chief exponents of these policies in England. Labor has fallen into the international bankers' net. If these things are true, they are nevertheless an incomplete picture of the situation. We cannot think of the political leaders of British labor as nothing more than innocent victims of foreign guile. For how did this opportunity happen to be presented to French and American bankers? And, if these bankers had been ready to go on lending money to the Bank of England without a change of policy, what assurance would they have had that the existing crisis would not be repeated?

The fundamental fact is that the British Labor party, like strong Socialist parties in Germany and elsewhere, long ago set out upon a course of attempting to adapt capitalism to the welfare of the workers without essentially changing the nature of its operations. Heavy taxation of the rich, contributions out of taxes to support the unemployed, a policy of maintaining wages and salaries, large public subsidies for housing and the like, are not really radical measures at all; they are governmental welfare work, in large part originated and supported by liberals whose interest is not to abolish but to preserve capitalism. Thoroughly justifiable in their social effect, they are nevertheless trimmings on the capitalist regime, efforts to make it workable enough in the eyes of those who suffer from its inequalities and inefficiencies so that discontent will not be menacing. And, economically, they are dependent on the existence of a surplus. A nation temporarily successful in the competitive battle, like a rich corporation, can well afford them. But when existing economic institutions no longer produce a surplus, when unemployment is severe and long continued, they are, under a capitalist order, luxuries which must be pared. A capitalist nation can go on with starvation and misery of the propertyless so long as the propertyless do not revolt, but it cannot go on without the chance to profit, without the accumulation of investment capital, without the existence of costs low enough to stimulate sales in a competitive market.

These hard facts the bankers have just finished bringing to the attention of Germany, and now they are teaching England her lesson. If capitalism is to be enabled to start working again in the old ways, it can do so only by the sacrifice of the vic-

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tims of depression and of the general standard of living. The United States is already beginning to swallow the bitter pill, in spite of our efforts to extend our own inefficient type of dole, and in spite of the official ban against wage reduction.

The mistake of British labor lay in taking office without the power to make real changes in the operation of economic institutions, and without a coherent program for doing so. It should have left to the upholders of capitalism the uphill struggle of making it work in the crazy post-war world, and the responsibility for rendering it palatable enough to the population so that it would not be upset. We can no longer consider MacDonald, Snowden and Thomas accredited leaders of British labor, but it is almost tragic that they, in the name of labor, should have accepted the task of doing capitalism's dirty work after the crisis had arrived. Fortunately the bulk of the party, under the leadership of the wiser Arthur Henderson, has gone at once to the opposition, and repudiates all connection with the deflationary policy. We hope that they will in the future choose to stand or fall by a more fundamental program—one which is aimed, not simply at rescuing the victims of the competitive juggernaut, but at creating a rational economic order. This may well include, as integral parts of its plan, such things as unemployment insurance and public housing, but its main objective should be a set of economic institutions organized for the purpose of producing for consumption, rather than disorganized for the benefit of the enterprisers' "freedom" and the chance to make speculative profits.

The Alien and Crime

THE Wickersham Commission, in the fourteenth and last of its reports on crime, skirts the edges of an interesting question which it does not face. It tells us that the foreign-born in America are less given to criminality than the natives, something already conceded by most of the authorities in this field. The real question is whether the children of foreigners, born in this country, are more lawless than the native children of native parents. As to this, the investigators say that information is lacking, and urge that a five-year study be undertaken to find out. They admit, however, that the evidence seems to point in this direction, and say that all the police officials interviewed by their representatives believed it to be true, even though they are without statistical facts to corroborate their views.

In the absence of such definite data, it is well not to speak with too much assurance; yet there can be little doubt that the suspicions of the police officers are correct. This is not because the children of immigrants come of bad racial stock; as the report shows, they do not. It is the result of circumstances existing exclusively in America, and circumstances which could be rectified if our collective will were strong enough. The foreigner who comes to America never fully adjusts himself to the life here. He usually speaks English badly, if at all. His tendency is to settle with his compatriots in the slums of our great cities, where he is, at least for some years, an easy victim of economic exploitation. His children born in this country make a much more complete adjustment than himself; they speak English in addition to their parents' native tongue, or sometimes instead of it. Despising these parents as greenhorns, they flout home discipline and evade the rigid domestic authority which is customary in most European countries. Feeling the universal human need to give allegiance to something and finding no better outlet for their emotions, they link themselves to street gangs. The brilliant series of studies made at the University of Chicago have shown how these gangs, at first composed of pre-adolescents and comparatively harmless in character, shade over imperceptibly into the adult groups of gangsters who constitute the chief crime problem of our big cities at the present time.

There are also, it must be admitted, certain racial and national characteristics which augment the criminality of some groups, both among the foreign and the native-born. Thus, for reasons which are probably almost entirely environmental, there is a higher incidence of crime among Negroes than among whites in the same communities. Certain Italians, and particularly Sicilians, have continued in the United States a tradition of violence brought from their native land; indeed, the Mafia, the secret society of Sicilians which lives by kidnapping and blackmail, has continued in the United States after it has been stamped out in the country of its origin, and has furnished a great part of the gangsters whose activities in cities like Chicago and New York have had so much attention lately. In New York State in the year 1929, for which complete figures are available, natives of Mexico got into trouble nine times as often, in proportion to their numbers, as all the foreign-born combined. Greeks came next, with a frequency three and one-half times as great. The Italians were third, with a crime record 85 percent worse than the average. The native-born were fourth, with 75 percent. No other country among the fifteen most important had a crime record equal to the average for all the foreign-born. There is every reason to believe that if the record for the native-born were divided between native descendants of natives, and the children of immigrants, the latter would make a much poorer showing. There is also reason to believe that a similar division between native Negro and native white would be highly advantageous to the latter.

The Wickersham report ought to be useful in two ways. First of all, it answers the stock Ku Klux argument that all our crime is the work of "furriners." In the second place, it drives home the lesson that there is no inherent weakness in any of our immigrant racial stocks which makes

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the crime problem incapable of solution. As. Dr. Edith Abbott, who conducted the factual inquiry, says, "it is easier to charge our crime record against immigrants than against an inefficient and corrupt system of police and an outworn system of criminal justice." She might well have added, "and an economic order which lets the children of immigrants, and of many natives, grow up in slums as virtual outcasts." We can end the "crime wave," as such, whenever we are willing to pay the price in terms of social justice.

"Shoot Above the Waist"

ON FRIDAY, August 21, the New York City police force obeyed Commissioner Mulrooney's order to shoot above the waist. There was a hold-up at a fur-dyeing establishment in the Bronx. Two amateur bandits escaped with the pay roll of $4,619, after murdering a policeman. They hadn't planned their get-away, but neither had the police planned any effective method of stopping them. The result was a cowboy-and-Indian chase through the city streets, with bandits and policemen commandeering taxicabs, with volunteers joining in the pursuit, with both sides emptying revolvers in the general direction of their enemies, and with bystanders falling like magistrates during the Seabury investigation. By the time the nineteen-year-old gunboys were cornered and shot at the nothern tip of Manhattan Island, six people had been killed and eleven wounded. Eight of the seventeen casualties, or 47 percent, were bystanders. Seven, or 41 percent, might be classed as pursuers. The other two were bandits.

The death of four-year-old Gloria Lopez, killed either by bandits or policemen when her father's automobile crossed the line of fire, has been widely discussed in the newspapers. More significant was the deliberate shooting of Herbert Hasse, whose taxicab had been commandeered by the desperadoes. Unarmed and terror-stricken, he drove them onwards until their career was stopped by a truck which backed into their path. The two gunboys were quickly despatched. Hasse himself was shot, according to the account of an eye-witness, as he stood with his hands over his head. A policeman, with his instinct for a frame-up operating quickly in an emergency, reported that he had found a police revolver in the dead man's pocket—and it was thereupon announced to the press that three bandits had been killed instead of two.

On Monday, most of the victims were buried. The two slain policemen had long official escorts and silver-studded coffins that rivaled those of Chicago gangsters. The body of John Prechtl, one of the gunboys, was claimed by his family and carried secretly to a cemetery on Long Island. But Herbert Hasse's body still lay in the morgue, while his wife—a good Catholic who had cooked him a salmon on Friday and wondered why he didn't come home for supper—now lamented that the priests wouldn't allow him to be buried in consecrated ground until the police admitted that he was innocent.

On Monday, too, the city showed its reaction to the affair. There was a vast meeting at Madison Square Garden to protest against gangster rule in New York City. Twenty thousand people crowded the hall, while another twenty thousand milled in the streets outside. The American Legion band played a new composition by George M. Cohan, entitled "Goodbye, Mr. Racketeer." Mr. Bainbridge Colby, former Secretary of State, made the keynote speech. He charged, very sensibly, that "an alliance between crime and local city politics, for protection in the first instance and gain in the second," is chiefly to blame for conditions now existing. "Something is holding the police in check," he asserted. "Some restraint is operating upon the Commissioner of Police and his subordinates." He said nothing about the effects on the police of the mass hysteria produced by a meeting such as this.

Commissioner Mulrooney, "his florid face flushed, his eyes snapping," rose to answer the aspersions on his force. He pledged the shield and life of each of his men in the warfare now openly declared. "Our police," he said, "will strike first. We will wage an offensive campaign. We will meet blow with blow, gun with gun. We ask no quarter. We will give no quarter. Twenty thousand men are on the firing line." But so, he might have added, are six million unarmed citizens. Probably a few gangsters will be killed, but New York policemen are more famous for being quick on the trigger than for being accurate in their aim. Today their psychology is that of wartime. They stand on the street corners in knots of two and watch the passers-by for suspicious movements. They speed up and down the avenues in armored motorcycles, their shotguns ready at hand. Citizens may venture into the streets—at their own risk—but they are advised to remember the fate of Gloria Lopez and Herbert Hasse. When twenty thousand policemen are on the firing line, ready to shoot above the waist, somebody is certain to get hit.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1931, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT. DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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Four New Dissenters

THEY DO not like their new role. These four elderly gentlemen who, with departed colleagues, ruled the country so long from the quiet chamber of the Supreme Court, are now forced to fulminate in bitter but futile dissent against decisions which throw their own views into the discard. The day of economic individualism and political centralization seems gone. The years of invalidating state legislation designed to achieve an economic democracy, of glorifying property rights at the expense of human rights through a narrow constitutional interpretation, are over. During the past term (1930-31) these jurists saw the work of the conservative post-war court go for naught when the new majority upheld one welfare act after another, when taxing statutes were approved, when oppressive flag-waving enactments were annulled, when the total work of the judicial year redounded to the benefit of humble people. New Jersey was upheld in fixing the fees of insurance agents, Indiana was sustained in taxing chain stores, Minnesota's tyrannical newspaper-suppression law was overthrown and California's red-flag law was rendered impotent. It was all very painful to Justices Sutherland, Butler, Van Devanter and McReynolds.

Justice Sutherland had much to do with the reactionary activities of the old court. Had he done nothing else but write the opinion in the minimum-wage case, he would be entitled to rank high among judges possessing an effective slant in favor of vested interests. That decision in 1923, rendered shortly after Sutherland was appointed to the bench by President Harding, stands today as the one most harmful to humble human needs in a complex industrial society. The court decided that Congress, acting as the legislature for the District of Columbia, could not require employers to pay a living wage to women workers. There must be freedom of contract, *laissez faire* must be read into the Constitution, and when employers are put to the nuisance of going to court, by legislatures forcing them to be human, they need only flash before the judges the magic words of the Fourteenth Amendment: "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." And the court will say that states must not deprive working people, especially women, of their freedom to starve. Even the labor unions have been unable to undo the evil effects of this decision.

It was a good start for Judge Sutherland, but not surprising in the light of his past political life. He was one of Utah's prominent citizens, and together with Smoot he represented that prosperous Republican state in the United States Senate for the twelve years between 1905 and 1917. He was as regular in his politics as in his law. When Roosevelt bolted in 1912, Senator Sutherland kept Utah in line for the conservative Taft. And when Congress voted to abolish the ill fated commerce court, because it had acted contrary to public sentiment in overruling so many decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Sutherland upheld President Taft's futile veto.

Mild and scholarly in appearance, this sixty-nine-year-old jurist is unyielding in his advocacy of the Fourteenth Amendment as a proper barrier to progressive legislation. For eight years the state police power has suffered at his hands. Chief among the democratic legislative attempts to be annulled by him were the price-fixing acts, designed to bring under governmental control businesses "clothed with a public interest." Back in 1877 the Supreme Court, in the Granger cases, sustained the laws of the prairie states fixing rates to be charged by railroads and grain elevators. Since then many laws have been passed bringing new enterprises under control; all of them were savagely attacked by the proprietors affected. Before the Supreme Court in the last decade came statutes fixing prices to be charged by theatre-ticket brokers in New York, by dairy proprietors in Minnesota, and by employment agencies in New Jersey (and in twenty other states). Judge Sutherland led the court in annulling these acts. To him they seemed only an arbitrary and paternalistic interference with free bargaining.

As with price-fixing statutes, so with taxing acts. Judge Sutherland sympathizes with men of means whose troubles are increased by grasping governments looking for revenue. So the measures of these governments are thrown out as in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment. When Pennsylvania imposed a tax on the gross receipts of taxicab corporations, the Supreme Court threw it out because a similar tax was not imposed on individuals running a taxicab business. When Oklahoma sought to encourage coöperative farming by requiring a showing of public necessity on the part of individuals seeking a license to operate cotton gins, without requiring it of coöperative associations, Sutherland held that such a classification was an invalid attempt to slight individual capitalists.

Any doubt as to his predilection in favor of property would be dispelled by a consideration of two opinions which aroused a storm of liberal protest. In 1927, in the Journeymen Stonecutters case, Judge Sutherland turned the Sherman and Clayton acts—aimed by Congress against large aggregations of capital—in the direction of a labor union, and at the behest of a large aggregation of capital.

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Producers who controlled 70 percent of the total output of stone sought an injunction against the stonecutters' union for merely refusing to work on stone shipped into their territory. Justice Sutherland granted the injunction, and ruled that the workmen had no right to refuse to work. Then there was the Baltimore Street Railway case of 1930. The car company objected to an order of the state Public Service Commission fixing a rate of fare which would yield a return of 6¼ percent on the value of the property. Judge Sutherland held that such a return was "confiscatory," and that the company should be allowed to earn 7½ percent, in order to protect dividends and build up a surplus.

In all these cases Judge Sutherland had the hearty support of Judge Butler. In the history of the Supreme Court there have been few judges more biased on behalf of property than Justice Butler—or few more loyal to points of view acquired in private life, adolescent and mature. He was born in Northfield, Minnesota, sixty-five years ago, of humble Irish-Catholic parents. He may have forgotten his humble origin, but he remembers his Catholic upbringing—he cast the lone dissenting vote in the case which upheld the Virginia statute providing for the sterilization of imbeciles. He rose by dint of will and ability to a position of eminence among Minnesota lawyers. He became an authority on railroad problems, was retained by the Hill interests, and was instrumental in increasing the legal value of the properties as a foundation for higher rates, at the valuation hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. As counsel for the great Northwestern roads, he acquired the psychology of power and the belief in the right to rule that goes with wealth. Like many others who have risen from humble beginnings without the aid of legislation, he is reluctant to improve the lot of others having the same chance. And ever since his appointment to the bench by President Harding early in 1923, he has voted to annul those social-welfare measures which he looks upon as paternalistic and deplorable.

A shining example of his attitude toward the state police power is his opinion in the Nebraska bread-weight case in 1924. The Nebraska legislature had enacted that bread should be of a specified weight twenty-four hours after baking. A maximum weight was prescribed as well as a minimum, and this became the focus of attack by the baking companies. Judge Butler declared the law arbitrary and invalid. But the facts showed that an overweight pound loaf might be and often was palmed off as a full-weight pound-and-a-half loaf. The law was an attempt to check fraud on the public. Its purpose was to protect buyers from short weights and honest bakers from unfair competition. But the complaint of the manufacturers, whose annual output was almost twenty-four million pounds, prevailed.

Judge Butler is also a political federalist. Any encroachment upon a field of governmental action granted by the Constitution and John Marshall to the federal arm is taboo—even if the state encroachment works no harm to federal functions and helps people who need some kind of governmental assistance. In the DiSanto case, up from Pennsylvania in 1927, a state statute required sellers of steamship tickets to be licensed, and good moral character to be shown. It was a worthy attempt to prevent the duping of helpless people, usually immigrants sending to Europe for their families, unfamiliar with our language and customs. An agent arrested for violating this act maintained that it conflicted with the commerce clause, which gave Congress exclusive control of interstate and foreign commerce. Judge Butler upheld this contention, and left the immigrants to be victimized. But the farthest pushing of this federalist doctrine occurred in his decision that the Panhandle Oil Company need not pay a tax to the state of Mississippi on gasoline sales to the federal Coast Guard there. The company was exonerated on the ground that it became *a federal instrumentality* in selling gas to the government.

With this tendency to glorify judicial federalism, it is not surprising that in matters directly bearing on patriotism, Judge Butler should be the greatest flag-waver on the bench. The same intolerance he displayed during the War, as regent of the University of Minnesota, was used to put down heretical thought after he came to the bench. He joined happily in the decision affirming the conviction and prison sentence of Benjamin Gitlow and Anita Whitney under the New York and California syndicalism laws. These two had done no more than to join political parties frowned upon by the right thinkers (Gitlow had also circulated a harmless political pamphlet), but such was made a crime by the statutes, and the statutes were upheld. Probably the harshest result of Judge Butler's grim patriotism was the Rosika Schwimmer case. Here was an intelligent social worker who was not even "agin the government." But because she believed in peace she was denied citizenship; and so were Dr. MacIntosh and Miss Bland, largely on the strength of the precedent set by Judge Butler in his resounding call to arms directed at Miss Schwimmer.

Justice Van Devanter is the least dramatic of the four conservatives. Although he has been on the bench longer than the others—he was appointed by his friend President Taft in 1910—he has written fewer opinions in important social controversies. But some of those opinions are of momentous significance. He started the ball rolling in prohibition affairs when he delivered the conclusions of the court in the national prohibition cases in 1920, upholding the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment. This decision was remarkable for the form in which it was cast as well as for significant sub-

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stance—as is most unusual in Supreme Court cases, no reasons were given for the results reached. Van Devanter has been exceedingly Dry in all subsequent cases, voting to glorify the Eighteenth over the first ten amendments (he proved conclusively that a liquor prosecution in a state court after one in the federal court for the same offense did not violate the constitutional protection against double jeopardy), and voting, in the celebrated Dr. Lambert case, to uphold Congress in denying physicians the right to prescribe more than one pint of whiskey to one patient within a period of ten days.

Judge Van Devanter is seventy-two years old and comes from Wyoming. He was prominent in Republican politics in the early days of the state, served a brief term as chief justice of the state supreme court, and from 1903 to 1910 was a federal circuit judge there. Prior to the federal judgeship, he represented the Union Pacific Railroad, and, like Judge Butler, he took his corporation views with him to the bench. That he is as reactionary a judge as ever sat on the Supreme Court appears not only from his inevitable vote in favor of annulling state welfare acts, against labor unions and against the regulatory findings of state and federal utility commissions, but also from his dissent from the one enlightened decision written by his ally Justice Sutherland: in the important Village of Euclid case, where the court upheld the validity of zoning ordinances, Justice Van Devanter considered such ordinances a taking of property without due process of law. And having been a federal judge for years before coming to the Supreme Court, Van Devanter was the logical man to write the court's opinion in the case which held that the Constitution protected the salary of a federal judge from any diminution by income tax.

This jurist is another jealous guardian of federal supremacy over any theoretical encroachment by a mere state. In Pennsylvania vs. West Virginia, the dear old commerce clause was rushed again to the rescue of forces hurt by a state statute enacted merely to protect the legitimate interests of state citizens. West Virginia had provided that in the matter of its great product, natural gas, the needs of local citizens should be filled before gas could be shipped to other states. It seems a reasonable enough provision, but the court saw in it an attempt to interfere with the free flow of interstate commerce, and declared the act invalid. Van Devanter wrote the opinion.

If Judge Van Devanter is quiet but effective in his conservatism, Judge McReynolds is turbulent and uncertain. His conservatism far outshines his liberalism, but an occasional unexpected liberal outburst confounds those who try to find consistency in his opinions. He will dissent with heat from a decision which says that an automobile can be searched for liquor without a warrant (the Carroll case), and talk about the citizen's rights under the Bill of Rights, and then he will side with the majority in holding that prohibition agents can tap telephone wires regardless of the Bill of Rights and the criminal law of the state of Washington (the Olmstead case). He will write the opinion in the case holding that Massachusetts cannot include income from patent royalties in its taxing act (patents and copyrights are both granted by the federal government), and yet he will side with the majority when the court later holds that New York can include income from copyrights in its taxing act.

Judge McReynolds is sixty-nine years old and a native of Tennessee. He practised law in Nashville before entering public life as Attorney General under President Wilson. Wilson liked his work in the Department of Justice, and in 1914 he appointed him to the Supreme Court. Although nominally a Democrat, his slant in favor of big business and a triumphant federalism testifies that the principles of political parties are not always significant in constitutional adjudication. That he has not forgotten he is a Southerner, however, is revealed in his dissent in the case upholding the New York Ku Klux Klan publicity law, and in the recent case reversing the conviction and death sentence of a Negro in the District of Columbia because the Negro's attorney was not allowed to ask the jurors if they would be prejudiced on account of race.

McReynolds specializes in objecting to the jurisdiction of many cases which try to force their way into the Supreme Court. Often he bases his conclusions on technical procedural grounds, and is thus a little ahead of his colleagues who wait to dispose of the merits of the case in favor of the Fourteenth Amendment or the commerce clause or whatever part of the Constitution is invoked by vested interests. Thus it is that McReynolds has written the opinions in one class of cases which show a triumph of technicality over humanitarian interests. These are the stevedore cases, in admiralty. As early as 1916 McReynolds held, in the Jensen case, that an injured stevedore could not recover damages under the New York Workmen's Compensation Act, because the nature of his work was maritime, and hence under the exclusive jurisdiction of the federal arm. As that exclusive jurisdiction was also unexercised, the stevedore was left without compensation. Later when Congress enacted that state compensation laws could apply to such cases, McReynolds led the court in holding that Congress could not thus transfer a federal power. And still later, in the case coming up from the Pacific coast, the court, McReynolds writing, refused to lighten the burden of their harsh doctrine that an injured longshoreman could not win damages in the absence of an act of Congress expressly and directly covering such workmen.

Chief among Judge McReynold's anti-state-rights decisions are the ones annulling progressive Wisconsin's attempt to gather inheritance taxes by enacting that gifts within a certain time of the donor's death were made "in contemplation of

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death" and hence taxable; and the ones annulling the attempts of Minnesota and Missouri to tax bonds and bank accounts of non-resident owners, which, by the way, expressly overruled an old opinion of Justice Holmes to the contrary. Not the least among McReynold's claims to fame is his opinion in the famous O'Fallon case, setting aside the liberal railroad-valuation findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission and enabling the railroads to set their own high value on the property.

Such is the story of the four conservative judges who, during the past court term, have been so abruptly dethroned. The story gives a necessarily brief picture of the cause of their collapse, as it shows that much remains to be done before all the deeds of their heyday are successfully countered. But the future will be brighter for democratic America as these judges become accustomed to their new role of dissenters.

JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD.

The Calles Plan

WITH A SPECTACULAR gesture, Plutarco Elías Calles has made his reëntry into public life as president of the federal Bank of Mexico. He leaps into the breach of the present Mexican economic crisis with an audacious monetary program—the "Calles Plan." This Plan is a curious brew of opportunism, brave words, bad economics, pseudo-revolutionary phraseology, theatrics and injustice. It was rammed through Congress as the law of the land in a few brief hours, amid wild shouts of "Up with Silver!" "Down with Gold!" "Long Live Calles!"

By official decree silver currency was made equal in value to gold currency, not only from the date of adoption, but for back debts and contracts as well: tens of thousands of small depositors were automatically robbed of 25 percent of their accounts and their loss may even reach 50 percent; foreign currency immediately rose from 2.6 pesos to 3.2 (and temporarily to 3.8 or 3.9), with the banks refusing to sell dollars; merchants promptly slapped on a 25 percent increase on all prices; commercial operations were paralyzed; silver rallied, then fell again rapidly; dangerous runs began on the banks. Some of these results were caused by the disconcerting manner of enforcing a radically new momentary system with harsh retroactive features; but most of them, as time goes on, are likely to be severely aggravated.

The cart has been put before the horse. The low rate to which Mexican silver currency has plunged during the past six months has been due to the world depression, the collapse of the major Mexican industries, an increasingly unfavorable trade balance, the Montes de Oca-Lamont debt settlement, the fall in the price of silver bullion, lack of confidence in the government, excessive taxation, official speculation, etc. It is doubtful that any bad currency has ever been bettered, and certain that it is often made worse, by arbitrary state decrees which do not attack the economic, industrial and trade factors responsible.

All debts previously contracted for in gold may now be paid in silver currency which, even before the law, had fallen 38 percent below its par value with gold. Banks are permitted to repay gold deposits 30 percent in gold, 70 percent in silver. If the currency should sink to approximately its present bullion value of 10.56 cents per peso, this would represent a loss to depositors of more than 50 percent—a plain steal. The foreign banks, which for years have shouted to high heaven and the American State Department against retroactive confiscatory legislation, have been the first to take advantage of the new law to the partial ruin of their small depositors. The banks, incidentally, have known of the impending law for weeks, and have even shared in the various secret conferences to determine its clauses.

For the moment the change has been received with great acclaim by the small consumer who receives his wages in silver. Mrs. X—— had been paying out 140 pesos gold a month in instalments on a new house and 40 pesos gold on a radio, and living on the 170 pesos silver remaining from her salary. With the drop in silver during the past months, her payments had risen to about 250 pesos silver, leaving her but 100 pesos on which to live. Now she can pay for her radio and her house in silver. She is beaming at the wisdom of the great Calles. But not for long. The radio merchant, whose profits and more have been wiped out, who has long-term obligations to meet in American dollars, will be obliged, if not already driven into bankruptcy, to make up his loss by raising the prices of future sales; and so with every other business man in every import line. Prices, which have risen 40 to 60 percent because of the silver drop and the rapid increase of duties and taxes during the past six months, will rise an additional 40 percent to cover the loss occasioned by the new system of silver payments, and even more to cover the additional drop in silver currency impending, with possibly an additional amount to insure merchants against the customary fluctuations in silver. The consumer soon will be paying the piper more than ever.

Every Saturday of Glory, Mexico burns effigies of Judas on the public streets. As the firecrackers

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finally explode and burst, the figures, shoes, trinkets, wearing apparel, scatter into the street below to be seized by the rabble. Much in the same way Calles has tossed up the money reserves of the country to let them fall into the hands of fortunate grabbers, good pastime for a few lucky members of the mob—money speculators, certain government officials, ruined debtors and the bankers—but not a wise procedure looking toward a sustained national economy. Even as a temporary desperate solution it has caused lack of confidence and has destroyed much of the government's credit. However much the bankers may have participated in the general steal, it has destroyed confidence in the local financial institutions, never at any time too great. Depositors are not likely soon to get over their fright. Preliminary runs have been checked, but banking has been thrown into chaos.

Now more than ever, Mexico will be unable to buy abroad effectively. The exchange has already gone to pot. Her depreciated currency will buy less than ever, thanks to the new system. If Mexico had something of a self-sustaining economy, if more than 90 percent of her imports did not come from the United States, this might not prove so serious. But agriculture (save for West Coast fresh vegetables and bananas) is still below the pre-1910 production. Large quantities of lard, eggs, corn and wheat are imported annually. With the decline in petroleum, the shutting down of mining, the ruinous state of the henequen industry, the collapse in the price of sugar, coffee and garbanzas, Mexico's raw-product industries provide none of the customary income at the present moment to sustain this heavy importation of foodstuffs. The Calles Plan makes this problem more acute.

The poor Mexican will have to tighten up his belt, eat fewer *frijoles* and *tortillas,* let his *manta* clothes grow even more ragged—while theoretically, at least, the national industry flowers because of heavy duties and the impossibility, for Mexicans, of purchasing heavily abroad. But if consumption goods cannot be imported, neither can the machinery necessary for their manufacture. Mexican capital, always weak and further weakened by the application of the Calles Plan, must yield to capital from the north—unless it falls into the hands of the small governing clique which has emerged successful and fabulously wealthy from the revolution. The drop in the value of real property, caused by diminished silver income and coupled with the enhanced value of dollars in Mexican currency, will hasten this process by creating an opportunity for the wholesale buying up of Mexican property and securities at a fraction of their real value.

Thus, the new monetary reform becomes, willy nilly, one of a series of measures which force the national productive activity to expand along capitalist lines, under the direction of North American capital. But it is a paradoxical approach. The course followed in this law and in other measures seems absurd and contradictory. It would be far more rational for Mexico frankly to open her gates, to offer generous guarantees for foreign capital, than to force the population to undergo a series of ever increasing privations, merely for the sake of enriching a small group of semi-official native entrepreneurs. These can at best fill only a few of the many gaps in the national economy. Even Calles himself, with his vast haciendas, his factories, sugar refineries and banking interests, is helpless beside Pan American Petroleum, Electric Bond and Share or the National City Bank. His measures are merely hastening the triumph of foreign capitalism.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the revolution, in spite of obstructing legislation, and long before the present disaster precipitated by Calles, American economic penetration had been gathering headway in various directions. All over the world, during the past five years, a drive has been going on for the entrenchment in the foreign field of the National City Bank, the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Electric Bond and Share Company (a subsidiary of the General Electric). Where one outfit goes, the other two go. They have gone into Europe, Africa, the Orient, above all into Latin America. Here and there they have met with some resistance—Costa Rica, for example, tried to nationalize her power resources. But in general the whole field had been won except Mexico. There were no guarantees in revolutionary Mexico. Security for this type of investment was further endangered by the hostility of the State Department, still greatly influenced by the Doheny-Sinclair petroleum interests, rather than the financial and public-service corporations. But the emphasis on American investment in Latin America and in Mexico was to change from merely raw-product exploitation to sounder financial manufacturing and public-service activities demanding greater political stability and more honest dealing.

I do not know whether Mr. Dwight W. Morrow walked out of his directorship in the General Electric and out of the House of Morgan with all his bridges burned behind him to become a statesman free from all past influences, but in any case the interests he had so recently represented dashed into Mexico hard on his trail. Morrow deserves all credit for prying loose the Kellogg-Doheny-Sinclair bulldog grip on the Mexican trousers and instituting a decent type of diplomacy; Mrs. Morrow is to be congratulated on her sincere and fervent admiration of Mexican handicrafts; but certainly, as a result of Morrow's good will and his friendship with Calles, the National City Bank has today established firm roots in Mexico; so has the I. T. and T.; and the Electric Bond and Share Company owns practically all the important power sites, actual and potential, over the length and breadth of Mexico.

But the Calles monetary plan is paving the way for the even more rapid influx of American eco-

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nomic penetration—despite the loud palaver of "Down with imperialist gold!" If anything happens, "imperialist gold" will pull ruined Mexican silver currency out of the doldrums—for a price, the rapid buying up of Mexico. Why has the Mexican government put into operation a plan which facilitates a process so in contradiction to the late revolutionary postulates? Partly because of pure opportunism. Quite aside from the rumors of profit to high government officials and particularly to the maker of the Plan, the Mexican government, with so many industries shattered, is bankrupt, unable to meet its current pay roll or its short-term obligations, mostly in gold. By the new Plan, the government wiped out nearly 40 percent of its heavy local indebtedness by virtual confiscation. If silver drops to its bullion value, the government will have wiped out 75 percent of it. This tides over a ticklish situation, but is another blow at the government's financial credit, and a shady operation ruinous to many enterprises already staggering under fantastic taxation.

In any case Mexico is in for a hard row, thanks to the Calles Plan.

CARLETON BEALS.

Mexico.

Hoover Dam

BLACK CANYON, where the tunnels are being made to divert the Colorado River and leave a dry stretch of bed for the building of Boulder Dam, is a narrow gap between two immense burned-out cinders. But they are cinders which never cool off: they might still be smoldering from the volcanic disturbance which has left the whole landscape an infernal desert. You can't touch them without getting scorched and the very winds that blow through them are furnace-breaths. The temperature in summer is often 123 in the shade.

On the side of one of these gigantic cinders, where the porous lava has crumbled down and made a slope at the base of the cliff, the camp for the dam workers has been constructed. The buildings are crude dormitories like army barracks, where the men sleep close together and where the disinfectant used in the waterclosets pervades the atmosphere.

These quarters were supposed to be only temporary. It was the idea of the administration, desiring to do something about unemployment, to start the work on Boulder Dam as soon as possible in order to give as many people as possible jobs. The result is that, pending the completion of Boulder City, the men are supposed to work in Black Canyon before proper facilities for living there and conducting the work have been provided. Even the government engineers who were the pioneers at Black Canyon describe it as a "hell-hole," where you get "goofy with the heat" and are likely to get all kinds of ideas.

The situation at Boulder Dam is peculiar. The government has signed a contract with private companies, Six Companies, Inc., to do all the actual work of building the dam, and therefore does not figure as an employer of labor. And therefore the companies automatically resort to that systematic skimping, petty swindling and barefaced indifference to the fate of their employees which is necessary to provide stockholders and officers with profits, and which is so much a part of capitalistic enterprise that it is ridiculous to imagine that the simple fact of a project's having been undertaken under the auspices of the government would have the effect of exorcising it.

The water of the Colorado River, full of silt from the decomposing tufa, is an opaque yellow like coffee with too much cream. The men had to drink and wash in this water, which was nearly always tepid and which sometimes got so hot in the tanks that it was impossible to shave with it. The effect was sickening: there was not even such refreshment as a cold drink or a cold shower gives. And this not for people working in offices, where one can pretty well avoid physical effort, but for men working all day with shovels and drills in tunnels. Yet the nights were so suffocating and restless that they welcomed the diversion of work.

The camp is infested with some kind of wild mice which jump up onto the beds with incredible agility and crawl all over the men: they got so that they brushed them away in their sleep like flies. For the shift that had to get its rest during the daytime with the sun glaring through the windows and heating the shack like an oven, sleep was at best a heavy sweating stupefaction. When they got up, they would find their drills so hot that they couldn't handle them until they had cooled them.

Furthermore, the work at Black Canyon is extremely dangerous and the Six Companies have done very little to reduce the danger to a minimum. According to a report to the Department of the Interior by one of the government engineers, twenty-six men have been killed since May—including two drowned, two hit by falling rocks, three blown up in explosions and thirteen prostrated by the heat. The casualty company which is insuring the Six Companies has estimated the probable number of deaths during the first year as 200.

Until recently, the only means of dealing with these cases was a small first-aid station, and there was bound to be a long delay in summoning an am-

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bulance from Boulder City nine miles away. There is no question that the Six Companies have actually violated the safety laws of the state of Nevada under the pretext that they do not apply on a government reservation. They have, for example, been sending men back into the tunnels fifteen or twenty minutes after the blasts when the customary time allowed to let the nitro-glycerine fumes evaporate is about an hour. The laws require ventilation in tunnels, safety men at the headings and change rooms where it is possible for the men to dry themselves before going out into the air, and none of these the companies have supplied. The camp itself is precariously propped up on the broken-stone talus at the bottom of the cliff, where the freshly loosened boulders sometimes come hurtling through the mess-room window, and the men have been looking forward with much uneasiness to the beginning of the cloud-burst season, which may very well undermine and upset the wooden stilts on which the dormitories are perched and send the whole outfit down the cliff into the river.

And, as the companies have to concentrate on squeezing out nickels between the government and the men, so the sub-contractors have to grind out pennies between the men and the companies. It is a difficult undertaking to supply decent meals at Black Canyon. The cooks working over the stoves sometimes collapse after two or three days; the pork goes bad and gives the men ptomaine poisoning. The Anderson Board and Supply Company is said partly to depend for its kitchen help on transient unemployed who work for their meals.

In the middle of July, eleven men, some of them at any rate workers on the dam, were arrested as I. W. W.'s on the information of a stool-pigeon bouncer in one of the Las Vegas gambling joints. The leader, a man named Frank Anderson, admitted that he was a professional organizer and, when asked what he would do if released, replied that he would go on organizing until he was arrested again, when he would make it a test case of the Nevada laws. The prisoners were all released for insufficient evidence. As a result of this incident, the government seems to have brought a certain amount of pressure to bear, for, soon after, certain reforms were made: the powderhouse was moved from where it had formerly been, next door to the blacksmith's shop, to the other side of the river and a frigidaire water-cooler, which had been promised in the original plans approved by the government, was installed in the cookhouse. The water-cooler, however, was only one electric coil and the demands upon it were so heavy that the cooling it was able to do was slight. And the hot weather continued.

At last, at three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday the seventh, a notice of a wage-cut was handed to the foreman. According to the subsequent statement of the companies, this was merely an announcement that thirty of the men, who had been displaced by the new mucking machine (mucking is cleaning out the tunnel after the blast) were to be transferred to work outside the tunnel at a dollar less a day. The workers, however, say that the wage-cut was a real one, affecting a number of groups, including pipefitters, muckers and shift-bosses inside as well as outside. The mucking machines had already been installed a month, and in any case, though they did far more work, required just as many men. They assert that the companies wanted to take advantage of the unlimited supply of labor which has been flooding Las Vegas ever since the beginning of work on the dam was announced, to cut down the standards of the dam workers. At any rate, the shift of 125 men walked out and the majority of their foremen went with them. And the rest of the 14,000 workers struck in protest. They had heard of the President's exhortations against wage reductions and they trusted the government to prevent a scandal of that kind in connection with Boulder Dam.

What happened immediately was that the men met the representatives of the companies Sunday morning and when they stated their demands: ice-water, first-aid service, a minimum wage of $5 a day, a flat board rate of $1.50 a day, the inclusion of the time it took to travel the nine miles from Boulder City to Black Canyon in the eight-hour working-day and the reëmployment of the whole crew without discrimination against the strike leaders—they were told to pack up their things and get out.

In the meantime, the companies had sent trucks and men with sawed-off shotguns to drive the strikers out of the river camp. These men had been about to obey when the strike committee came back and told them not to go. The leaders were still banking on the support of the government. They sent a telegram to Secretary Doak reading as follows: "As American citizens we ask protection on Hoover Dam in case of deportation. Strike called in protest against wage cuts."

The government had so far acted with convincing impartiality. The United States marshal searched both parties and everybody who entered the reservation. The sawed-off shotguns and tear-gas guns were taken away from the companies, who were making all preparations to fight the strikers with the conventional terroristic methods. Dynamite was found on two mysterious men who tried to enter the reservation as prospectors. The strikers say that the day after the strike one of the company guards came out to the river camp and refused to state his business to the strikers' pickets. They sent two men to follow and watch him and found him in the powder magazine.

Some of the strikers drew their pay-checks and moved out; others stayed on in the river camp. On Tuesday night, it became known that the government was going to put them off the reservation the next morning.

That night, though the strike committee had had

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little sleep since the strike began, was more restless than ever in the camp. Pickets stood guard along the road and climbed the high slippery cliffs with ladders. Then men, who had been searched by the marshal, searched each other for weapons. The mice made noises like people prowling around. The men debated what their rights in the matter were—whether the government was proceeding legally in putting them out—they wished they had the advice of a lawyer. One of the I. W. W.'s pointed out, that after people had done something to you, it was no use saying, "You can't do this to me!" Some talked big as if they meant to resist. One man sighed before he went to sleep: "Well, next week I'll be on Frisco Bay!"

The next morning was overcast and cooler, which proved, as one man said, that "there was somebody up above, after all." They got up early and waited in uncertainty. They had a few eggs and boiled some coffee over and over until everybody had had a cup. At last, about eight o'clock, the government cars arrived. Walter R. Young, of the Reclamation Bureau, the engineer in charge, drove his own car, with the marshal in it. Mr. Young is a small thin man with a long bird-beak and bone-rimmed spectacles and with the clean-shaven efficient look of the government service: he was dressed in leather puttees and a cap, pulled down over his eyes, and he looked pale as if he had been kept tense by the strike. The marshal, in shoe-string tie and gray suit, looked mild, elderly and philosophical.

The strike committee bawled out with bravado that the marshal and Mr. Young were to come up on the porch. It had begun to rain and they all went under the roof of the verandah in back of the mess-hall.

Mr. Young got up on a bench. Both he and the marshal were applauded by the strikers and treated with general respect. He told them that he appreciated the quiet and orderly manner in which they had conducted their strike and that he hoped their behavior would continue to be as good—that he and the marshal had come alone and had brought two trucks and a bus to take them off the reservation—that the bus was carrying the plate of the government and that the reservation would be cleared not only of the strikers but of everybody on it except the men who were in the hospital—"I don't think you boys want them put out, do you?" Voices: "No, no."

If they don't move, one man asks, the government will use force, will it?—We ask you to go, says Mr. Young, and we depend upon you to go. There's been no question at all of force.—But if we refuse to go, you'll make us?—Yes, Mr. Young finally admits, if you should refuse to go, we'll—make you.—Have you got a warrant to put us out? someone else breaks out angrily and a little wildly.—Mr. Fulmer, says Mr. Young, after a moment's hesitation, nodding toward the marshal, takes care of that.

In the middle of this discussion, several large rocks, either loosened by the rain or launched by a strategic hand, come bowling down the cliff toward the porch, and there is a stampede to get away. Mr. Young and the marshal retreat, too. In a moment, however, everybody comes back and Mr. Young mounts the bench again.

Several speakers protest bitterly that the companies only want to get them out so that they can scab the job. One of them uses obscene language and is hushed by the rest. Mr. Young makes an ambiguous statement to the effect that the thing to do is to clear the camp completely and then to "make a clean start"—mentioning at the same time that he "hates to call any man a scab."—If they get out, can they picket against scabs?—What they do when they get out is up to them: they will have to take their chances with the law. He isn't there to investigate labor conditions, but to see that the work goes on. The work has been stopped and he has got to see that it is started up again.

Another belligerent voice speaks up: They want an investigation of conditions by the government.—I can't do that, says Mr. Young, you'll have to ask for that yourselves. Go to Secretary Doak.—Does Mr. Young approve of conditions in the river camp?—Our job is not to approve or disapprove—the company submits plans to us and we O. K. them.—Did you O. K. these conditions here?—No, we did not, he admits, for the first time a little lamely: "We've O. K.'d Boulder City and that's all."

At last one of the strike-leaders, a powerfully built red-haired man, with large patches of shaving-soap on his face where he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Young in the preparation he had been making for him, delivered a brief piece of oratory to the men, in which he exhorts them to go quietly and show that they don't intend any violence but merely want their rights.

They assent and climb into the trucks and are removed to a place on the desert halfway between Boulder City and Las Vegas, where the strike-leaders have gotten permission to camp.

By this time it is pouring rain and it makes the government drivers feel uncomfortable. They say they are sorry to have to move the boys in the rain.

The men for their part throughout the strike have shown their faith in the government. Eighty percent of them, in accordance with the provision introduced by the government into the contract that a preference should be shown to war veterans, are ex-service men. Even the I. W. W.'s take the line of demanding government investigations, appealing to the rights of American citizens, etc. Today the workers at Hoover Dam can't quite make out whether the government is behind them or against them, and the government apparently can't quite make out itself. It is probable, however, that such pressure as is possible will be brought to bear on the companies and most of the workers will be taken back.

In any case, the three-cornered situation makes

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the Hoover Dam strike extremely interesting. The civil service men at Hoover Dam have their own complaints against the government as an employer, and when they started in at Black Canyon endured hardships at least as severe as any the construction crew has had to bear, but, as one of them says, it is having a little responsibility that makes all the difference. The men haven't been able to feel this responsibility because they have found they were working not for the government but for indifferent private employers who would assume no responsibility to them and who took advantage of every opportunity to cash in on their freedom, their health and their lives.

Las Vegas. EDMUND WILSON.

Selling the Five Year Plan

THE SOVIET government may still be spending its millions in propagandizing the peoples of other countries in behalf of the tenets of the Communist faith. But two recent visits to Russia convinced me that the propaganda which was keeping thousands of Soviet government officials awake at night was not the Communist propaganda abroad with a view to world revolution. It was, by and large, the propaganda at home in behalf of the Five Year Plan.

On cannot live in Russia for twenty-four hours without realizing this fact. When I reached Leningrad the government was announcing another loan to be used in furtherance of the Piatiletka, as the Plan is called. The principal article in Pravda was devoted to the details of the loan. Give, the article declared in effect, until it hurts. Give individually. Organize teams in your factories, in your schools, in your party locals. Contribute one week's, two weeks', a month's salary and convert Russia's shibboleth, "The Five Year Plan in Four," into an actuality. The loan, it continued, offers a good rate of interest. In addition, if you are lucky, you have a chance to win a lottery prize—a 100-ruble prize, a 1,000-ruble prize, a 5,000-ruble prize! Subscribe now! Subscribe on the instalment plan! You have six months in which to pay. Russia's enemies are many, within and without. If they commit a hostile act while Russia is working out its initial plan of electrification and the development of heavy industry, Russia's progress will be delayed for years. If the country survives this period without an outside conflict, she will then be in a far better position to resist foreign aggression. It is thus of the utmost importance to finish the plan in the shortest possible time. Give until it hurts.

The most effective type of high-pressure salesmanship was used throughout the article, vividly suggesting the old Liberty Loan propaganda during the War. And this and similar articles in the 600-odd newspapers in Russia, with their circulation of some 9,000,000, and in hundreds of the weekly and monthly papers, constituted but the first steps in the drive that extended to the smallest factory in the remotest village of the U. S. S. R.

The day after this article appeared, I visited a House of Culture—a workingman's college—on the outskirts of Leningrad. Conspicuous on its walls were dozens of charts showing just how much coal and iron and agricultural machinery the Russians hoped to have produced by the end of each year until the home stretch in the fall of 1933, and how actual developments in several instances surpassed expectations. "See," said my guide, "we are increasing our productivity at a faster rate than you are in capitalistic America. At this speed it won't be long before we overtake you." And his eyes glowed in anticipation of that day.

In the House of Rest, the former homes of the old aristocracy and members of the bourgeois class, now converted into club houses where thousands of industrial workers spend their two weeks' vacation, the Plan was ever present in the discussion of the vacationists, in the wall newspapers edited in competition for prizes, in the attractively illustrated magazines on the reading tables, in the long red streamers stretched across the dining halls, in the lectures which the workers listened to between their exercises and swims and games.

The Intourist guides had taken their courses in the Five Year Plan before they were entrusted with the care of foreign visitors, and there was no faltering in their faith in the Plan's wisdom and promise of success. And when it came to the fiery young Communist guides engaged in conducting parties of peasants and industrial workers of Russia around the great halls of the Czar's palaces, or Catherine the Great's famous Hermitage, or through Smolny Institute, headquarters of the Bolsheviks in the tense days before the November Revolution, every historic scene constituted a convenient peg on which to hang a Piatiletka moral.

The spirit of the Five Year Plan was present in the textile factory I visited on the outskirts of Leningrad. The technical director appointed by the textile trust was preaching it to the bare-footed men and women before the looms and bobbins. The Communist party nuclei, constituting the shock troops of the Plan, were preaching it in the trade-union meetings, in the factory newspapers which Communists usually edited, and most of all through the "propaganda of the deed" before the machines. It was in the textile factory "Equality" (Revenstvo) in Leningrad that the first shock brigades were organized in furtherance of the Plan. In June, 1928, the Comsomols or Communist youth formed an experimental model shock-troop brigade in several of the departments of the factory. Spoiled goods disappeared. Production increased. Unnecessary absences fell. Old-time workers decided to form similar corps. The Soviet officials claim that tens of thousands of similar brigades have been organized by the young and the old throughout the Soviet Republic. In December, 1929, many

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of these groups came together in the Pan-Russian Conference of Shock Brigades or *udarniki* to see what concerted action could accomplish.

Later in my Russian visit, in Moscow, I was even more impressed with the propaganda machine's efficient functioning. It was functioning, among other ways, through the movietone. One of the most popular moving pictures—and one of the most impressive—in the city, was the picture on the Plan itself, quite different from the one recently shown in America. The movie was opened with Lunacharsky, former Minister of Education, as the first expositor. Various commissars followed with the story of the revolution, the tragically destructive years of civil war following 1918 when hunger stalked the land, the period of the salvaging of the republic, from the installation of the New Economic Policy to 1927 and, finally, the so-called period of reconstruction which ushered in the Five Year Plan. A commissar described the revolution and a movie of Lenin, amid thunderous applause, was flashed upon the screen. The old sources of power and the new giant hydro-electric plants; the old oil wells and mines and factories and the modern Soviet undertakings, were presented in dramatic contrast. Then appeared the scenes of the primitive farming community, with its huts and horses and wooden plows and, side by side, those of the gigantic state and collective farms with their armies of tractors; the old life of the village with its drinking and priestcraft and the life of the reconstructed village with its schools and sanitary homes.

Between the statistics of miles of new rails laid, of tons of coal dug and to be dug, were inserted little lessons against drunkenness, including scenes of night debauches followed by days of disordered work in the mills, of damaged output and of torn hands and arms. There were staccato speeches on the need of exterminating capitalism root and branch, on the services of the Red Army as a preserver of the peace (one might have seen and heard the counterpart of this portion of the movie in any country); and, finally, on the slogan of the government, "The Five Year Plan in Four." How many workers visited the movie luke-warm about the Plan and left it resolved to do more than their part to help it to success, it is impossible to say. But the movie had compelling power and must have been the means of converting its thousands.

Possibly the most popular rendezvous in the Soviet center is the Park of Culture and Rest. Through this park pass daily thousands of men and women, boys and girls intent on a swim in the Moskva, or on participating in numerous other recreational or educational diversions. This park offers too good an opportunity to be neglected, and for months one of its most conspicuous edifices was devoted entirely to an exhibition of the Five Year Plan and, incidentally, to an exposition of how dry-as-dust statistics can be made a living thing in the life of the masses. In a similar entertainment center in Leningrad, I had found one of the most popular artists on the evening's program doing his bit for the Plan by his constant amusing references to the lazy and inefficient technician and worker who was fumbling the ball. Through the vaudeville stage, through cartoons in comic sheets and through similar means, many workers are being "kidded" into "playing the Five Year game."

Nor are the schools neglected. "My girl of eleven," declared a former American minister and settlement worker, now an enthusiastic citizen of the Soviet Republic, "goes to a public school. She comes home in the afternoons talking excitedly about the Plan and she and her companions are constantly ransacking the house and the neighborhood during loan drives and carrying back to school every piece of old leather and iron and junk they can find. I dare say she could give as good an explanation of the Plan as her father."

One of the outstanding social institutions in Moscow is the House of the Peasant. Here the Five Year Plan as far as farming is concerned is "sold" daily to hundreds of peasants from the provinces. The Plan here is advanced by colored slides portraying the new era in farming, by daily conferences and lectures on agricultural subjects, by technical and legal advice given freely to inquiring peasants, by farm experts, by movies and concerts and theatricals, by peasant magazines and newspapers whose every page screams with accounts of the latest achievements. We were informed that there are 10,000 Houses of Peasants of this general character—centers of Soviet propaganda—throughout the length and breadth of Russia.

Close to the heart of the propaganda are the headquarters of the State Planning Commission, of the Communist party and of the Young Communists. On entering the building occupied by the Gosplan, I was reminded not a little of the atmosphere pervading the War Industries Board of Washington during the World War. Under the general jurisdiction of the State Planning Commission in Moscow and elsewhere, some 1,400 statisticians, engineers and economists—three-fourths of them university bred—are busy at the work of developing and unifying the economic and cultural life of the vast Soviet empire. It was the Central Planning Bureau here that first worked out in detail the original Five Year Plan after consultation with all the planning bureaus of the state.

At the Young Communist League headquarters we met the tireless young editors of the Comsomol Pravda, a paper that boasts of a circulation of 400,000. They told of their organization of some 3,000,000 young men and women who were constituting themselves as the junior shock troops of the revolution and who were at the beck and call of the government in organizing corps of workers to go to the farms, to factories where production was low and to offices where sabotaging was taking place and to stimulate industrial output by word

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and deed. Their members were serving as leaders of political circles, were writing and distributing pamphlets, were directors of wall newspapers, were conducting courses on Marxism and Leninism and Stalinism and were acting as advisers of the Young Pioneers and of high-school and university students. They were also severe critics of inefficiency. If the members of the League proved worthy they might be welcomed into the folds of the party itself. They must, however, besides their willingness to work, possess two qualifications: they must abjure religion, excepting the Communist "religion," and they must stay away from intoxicants. "Of course," said the editor, "if a member of the Young Communist League is caught drunk only once, that might be excused. But let him be caught two or three times, and out he goes." For the morals of the youth and the Five Year Plan must not collide.

The Piatiletka is advanced in many other ways, including the radio. Radios are not so numerous in Russia as in the United States, but their use is increasing rapidly. Over 360,000 new listening-in points were planned for connection with radio stations in the current year. Loud speakers had been installed in every pen in the Moscow prison I visited. The new Pan-Union Council of Trade Unions' radio station, claiming to be the most powerful station in all Europe, aims to transmit its messages in twenty-five languages for the benefit of the 8,000,000 trade-union members in the Soviet Union. This station, the Big Comintern, the Popov and other stations provide a superb machinery for government propaganda along these lines.

The Plan is being pushed in the Red Army, with its 6,000 regimental and squadron newspapers, its cinemas and radios and lecture courses. The Red Army, partly as a result of this propaganda, has been sending thousands of organizers to various branches of collective farming. Women's organizations and women's magazines, and the numerous workers' athletic associations, are likewise sources of no little propaganda. Last but not least the Soviet secret service is being used in a thousand and one ways as a propaganda, as well as a war machine, in behalf of increased productivity.

Mere propaganda is supplemented by economic pressure, often of the severest sort, by arrests, by imprisonments, often by executions. But pure methods of propaganda are creating a willingness among millions of Russians to deny themselves present comforts and necessities, to speed up factory operations, to introduce into Russian life the time element which, according to Eastern standards, has thus far been so sadly ignored and to live—at least temporarily—a life of the Puritan and the Stoic. And when the Five Year Plan—or, rather, the fourth or fifth variant of the Five Year Plan—has run its course, the propaganda technique developed in its behalf may be depended upon to forward for many years to come further dreams of Russia's political rulers.

HARRY W. LAIDLER.

Washington Notes

Our Grumpy President—The Roosevelt Letter —Quaker Blood Boils—No Extra Session

THERE are so many opportunities of differing with Mr. Hoover on matters of real importance that, as I pointed out some weeks ago, it hardly seems worth while to be severely critical of him in small things. None the less, I think that before the incident of the St. Lawrence waterway letter of Governor Roosevelt is completely forgotten, certain phases of it might be profitably dwelt upon, minor though they may appear.

One of these is the utter lack of graciousness displayed by the President on this and on other occasions of a somewhat similar nature. Probably there is a better word than graciousness to describe what I mean, but I cannot now think of it—urbanity perhaps might be better. At any rate, what I am trying to say is that Mr. Hoover seems unable, more's the pity, to conceal his personal feelings when he deals with public matters. He is a man of pronounced likes and dislikes, and on that ground I find no fault with him. I would give little for a man, President or no President, who had no prejudices. But it seems to me more or less absurd for the chief executive of the nation to display them so openly. In my judgment it is not only an unduly and abnormally sensitive thing to do, but unintelligent besides, for it inevitably places him at a disadvantage.

As for Governor Roosevelt's letter, Mr. Hoover's act in having his secretary make a delayed acknowledgment and then having it turned over to the Under-secretary of State to be answered was neither the gracious and polite nor the proper and effective way of dealing with the matter. It is not much of a secret that there is no personal friendship between Mr. Hoover and Governor Roosevelt. The Governor has done quite a lot of uncomplimentary talking about the President, here, there and around. As for Mr. Hoover, politicians are fully aware of his resentment at some of the things retailed to him as coming from Roosevelt and know that he entertains no favorable opinion of the New York executive. For these very reasons, it seems to me, he should have been punctiliously polite in acknowledging and replying to Roosevelt's letter and in all other matters involving his political opponents and personal critics.

By the time this piece is printed, the Roosevelt incident will be a thing of the past. My point is that sooner or later there will be another one like it. In the country as a whole I do not believe that Hoover's treatment of the letter means very much. Here in Washington it means a good deal. News-hungry correspondents grew quite excited over it, and for several days an effort was made to build it up into a political issue. This failed, of course, but a considerable success was achieved in destroying the happiness of Mr. Joslin. Also, enough material was manufactured during the three days while the story ran to insure its revival when Congress meets in December. It is fairly certain that a recital of the secretarial denial of the existence of the letter and a description of the White

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House attitude toward it will be a feature of various Democratic and progressive speeches early in the session.

Speaking of Congress, Hoover's resistance to those who advocate calling a special session before December is consistent and unabated. The more arguments advanced for the call, apparently the firmer his resistance. Those who have talked with the President on the subject come away convinced that he will not advance the date even two weeks. Such is the latest word from the White House. There just "ain't going to be no extra session." Having taken that stand last March, Mr. Hoover has not the least intention of receding from it. There seems something in his Quaker blood that makes compromise and change on things like this exceedingly difficult, if not absolutely impossible.

However, so strong and so many are the reasons for convening Congress in November that I am not yet convinced he will not yield this time. There is not enough space here to tabulate the number of arguments which, to any impartial mind, would justify the call. The early ratification of the reparations moratorium and war-debt suspension plan in itself should be enough. It is not absolutely imperative, but it is certainly eminently desirable that the ratification take place before December 15, when payments under the terms of settlement will be due from several of our debtors. If the debate in Congress is prolonged beyond that date, Mr. Hoover, as the author of the plan, will be in a painful and anomalous position. Europe, and especially France, would be justified in reproaching us with insincerity.

Mr. Hoover earnestly desires early ratification, and no one knows better than he that the effort to organize the House may be prolonged for days. Under the circumstances, the interests of the administration, of Mr. Hoover personally, and of the country generally, would be promoted by having Congress get down to work a month ahead of time. Or, if a month seems too much of a "moral surrender" for the "Chief," at least he might bring himself to give us the benefit of a two weeks' start.

It seems to me ridiculous for Mr. Hoover to remain stiff necked about this extra-session business in the face of such an extraordinary array of arguments for the call. In spite of the utter lack of encouragement from him, I still believe there is a chance. Certainly some one of the many reasons advanced must appeal to him, and certainly it is no longer possible to present the great argument that if Congress were in session business recovery would be retarded. The absence of Congress does not seem to have speeded business up to any noticeable extent, and it is hardly possible to maintain now that two weeks or a month of Congress would slow it down. You cannot very well slow down something that is at a standstill. And what is he afraid of anyhow? I confess I don't know. I can understand that when the session ended last March, he was happy at the thought of having things to himself in Washington during the summer. I can also understand that he feels that the administration will be unable to put through a program in the next Congress and that little except chaos is to be expected therefrom. Nevertheless, he will have little to lose and much to gain by convening Congress in November. It would at least relieve him of the charge of stubbornness.

Washington. T. R. B.

Texas Lights

II: Men's Letters

FOR HALF an hour we have had a flurry there in the corral, saddling the horses for the guests to ride, since on a dude ranch riding is the great thing. But now peace has descended; and sitting here on the long porch, looking out across the willow trees that surround the spring and follow its stream down along the marsh, toward the clear mountains beyond, Mr. St. J—— has been talking about education and the changes that time brings to us. He is a man well past sixty, who owns this ranch and has his house, hidden in mulberry trees, not far away from the house for the guests. He listens to the conversation of the guests sometimes, he says, they come from many parts, far enough away, representative enough; they have education, as the saying is, colleges and reading, travel, money and all that—or these days is money education? he wonders—at any rate he has been listening to them, and lately, these evenings, now the air is so clear and quiet, he has been trying to work out what your schooling does, what the world around you shades you with, dyes you, you might say. He has been going over some family papers, by way of tracking down his thoughts. There's one letter that seems to illustrate his point. Perhaps I would like to hear it. I say I should like to see the letter, and he sends off one of the cowboys to fetch it; from the walnut secretary with the coach whips on top of it, he says.

The letter, faded into a shadow almost, on its old paper, was written by an uncle of his, an older brother of his father's. This Giles Chapman was killed at the Battle of San Jacinto, the engagement he mentions in the letter.

Dear Parents: April 10, 1836.

Since I last wrote you I have been engaged in arranging an expedition against the Indians, who have committed many depredations against the frontier. On my return to the settlement, I learned that our country was again invaded by a merciless horde of Mexicans, who are waging a war of extermination against the inhabitants. A call was made for all friends of humanity to rise in arms. Men were panic stricken and fled, leaving all behind them.

Accordingly I bent my course for the army and arrived last evening at this place. I shall enter camp this morning as a volunteer. The army, commanded by General Sam Houston, is lying on the west side of the Brazos, twenty miles from San Felipe. The enemy is in that place waiting an attack. It is reported Houston will attack them in the morning. What will be the result, or the fate of Texas, is hid in the bowels of futurity. The enemy's course has been the most bloody that has ever been recorded on the page of history. Our garrison at the Alamo was taken and massacred; another detachment of seven hundred, posted at La Bahia, after surrendering as prisoners of war, was led out and shot down like beasts. In their course the Mexicans show no quarter to age, sex or condition, all are massacred without mercy. I was born in a land of freedom, and taught to lisp the name of liberty with my infant tongue, and rather than be driven out of the country or submit to be a slave, I will leave my bones to bleach on the Texas plains.

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I know not that I shall have an opportunity of writing to you in some time, but shall do so as often as convenient. Be not alarmed about my safety. I am no better and my life no dearer than those who gained the liberty you enjoy. Our strength in the field is about 500. The enemy is reported 4,000 strong. Before this reaches you the fate of Texas will be known. I am well and in good spirits, and as unconcerned as if going to a raising. My company is waiting, and I must draw to a close, and bid you farewell, perhaps forever. More than a year has elapsed since I saw you, yet the thought of friends and home is fresh in my memory, and their remembrance yet lives in my affections and will be a secret joy in my heart till it shall cease to beat. Long has it been since I heard from you. How often do I think of home and wish to be there. The thoughts of home haunt my night-watches. How often, when sleep has taken possession of my faculties, am I transported there, and for a short time enjoy all the pleasure; but the delusion is soon over, and the morning returns and I find my situation the same. Dear friends, if I see you no more, remember Giles still loves you. Give my love to my sisters, brothers, friends and neighbors. I would write more if time would permit. You need not write me, as I do not know where I shall be. With sentiments of sincere respect I bid you farewell.

Your affectionate son.

G. A. CHAPMAN.

When he had finished reading the letter and folded it again into the old shape, my companion sits for a while running his fingers up and down the arm of his chair. It seems to him, he says presently, that—well, his own son, now a successful railroad man in Houston, was in the World War, and used to write home. No doubt he felt some things, and perhaps his letters came to the same thing in the end as this letter of so long ago. Perhaps not. You couldn't say about that. The way a man talks must mean something. But what was it that made this difference in the way you expressed yourself? What sort of education or reading or surroundings was it that made this Giles Chapman put things like that? Taking his son and this young man, dead when he was twenty, now what would the difference be in what they got out of life and death?

HIGHER EDUCATION

Among the none too numerous guests this year at the ranch are two young ladies, graduates of Wellesley, I am told. One of them is from New Hampshire, one from the western end of Massachusetts; but they were in college together and so have known each other a long time. The first of these young ladies, somewhere around twenty-three, must have been sent down to this country for her health, for she is palish and too slight, even for her medium height. It is a delicate, gentle face, with open, gray eyes. Her speech is a little shy and very distinct, and what she says is carefully sensible, as it were. At one side of our group, here under the locust trees by the porch, Jake, the cowboy, is talking a steady streak about his year in France during the War. The young lady from New Hampshire, listening to it from time to time, as I am doing, turns to me. She likes the Southwest very much, she says, it is most interesting. She has thoroughly enjoyed her visit and perhaps will remain for some time. Then listening again to Jake for a moment, she adds that it is interesting to see how he seems to have quite an understanding of human nature. "Say," Jake is saying, "when they sent me out in Paris to keep an eye on the men on leave, I always could tell what was goin' on. I'd see the front of a café bulge, and people come tumbling out, and I knowed there was a fight!"

The other young lady is younger than the first, and is also less careful and educated. In a curious, limp way she is looking for someone who will give her life; and I have before now observed the attention she gives to Jake's friend and protegé, much younger, but a cowboy all through. He can ride, lasso, shoe horses, he can sing, play the fiddle, dance all the square dances and sit on his heels talking for hours. Everybody calls him C. R. The young lady has her college, travel, Junior League, unviolent glands and movie romance all in a fine confusion; and all of it now seems to set toward C. R., who will be much impressed when he realizes that such an educated lady from the East has centered her thoughts upon him. Meanwhile Jake has made C. R. sing some of his cowboy songs before he goes off with the horses. I can only listen to the words of C. R.'s song, and try to see them in the light of the steady if neutral eyes of this young lady, and to hear their echo along the somewhat drab and still unstocked shelves of her mind. C. R. is singing:

I got a little gal that's got a wooden leg,
Got a wooden leg, got a wooden leg,
I guess that's the reason they call her Peg.
Tell me, ain't you comin' out tonight,
Ain't you, ain't you, ain't you comin' out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?

I got a little gal got freckles on her face,
Got freckles on her face, freckles on her face,
I asked her where she got 'em, said she got 'em every place.
Tell me, ain't you comin' out tonight,
Ain't you, ain't you, ain't you comin' out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?

I got a little gal she's long and slim,
Her nose turns up and her eyes turn in,
She's a durn good gal for the shape she's in.
Tell me, ain't you comin' out tonight,
Ain't you, ain't you, ain't you comin' out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?

I got a little gal that lives on a hill,
Lives on a hill, lives on a hill,
She's a moonshiner's daughter, but I love her still.
Tell me, ain't you comin' out tonight,
Ain't you, ain't you, ain't you comin' out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?

Me and my gal we stood and we stooped,
Stood and we stooped, stood and we stooped,
Her dad walked out and we done the loop the loop.
Tell me, ain't you comin' out tonight,
Ain't you, ain't you, ain't you comin' out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?

STARK YOUNG.

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Redefinitions: III

With this essay on science and the "death of tragedy," Mr. Burke concludes his series of three redefinitions, the two preceding articles having been published in The New Republic of July 29 and August 26.—THE EDITORS.

POETRY AND ILLUSION.—Since certain things were believed, and poets used these beliefs to produce poetic effects, the beliefs became "poetic." But in the course of time contrary things came to be believed, with the consequence that the earlier beliefs were now called "illusions." And noting that so much of the world's poetry had been built upon what were now called illusions, the critics argued in a circle: The illusions, they said, were poetic, and in the loss of the illusions through science we face the death of poetry through science. The difficulty lay in the assumption that illusions were inherently "poetic"—whereas they had been made "poetic" by the fact that poets had constructed poetry upon them.

It is not necessary to assume that there is anything inherently dignified about the earth's being the center of the universe. But poets must erect a structure of human dignity upon something, and if the earth happens to be thought the center of the universe, they may find this a convenient belief upon which the structure of human dignity can be erected. Whereupon, in questioning the belief, science may seem to question human dignity itself.

Ambitious writers have selected the "death of tragedy" as an instance of science's destructive effect upon the highest poetry. Tragedy, they have observed, was developed out of a sense of theological or metaphysical stability; man was dignified; he had some direct or personal relationship with the forces of the cosmos; his problems were of vast importance in the universal scheme. But the "illusions" of tragedy are slain by the scientific point of view, which leaves us too humiliated for the noble, godlike posturings of tragedy, wherein man shares the "mystic participation" which M. Lévy-Bruhl attributes to the savage: that sense of the universe as being personally with him or against him. Tragedy is ruined, they say, when the "illusion" of man's personal connection with superhuman processes is lost, when he is looked upon as a mere species of animal that happens to inhabit a planet for a certain number of years between its birth and its extinction. This "death of tragedy" (and thus, the death of the very essence of poetry) is manifested already as an inability to write great tragedies—and in time it will even be manifested as an inability to appreciate the great tragedies already written. Such is, in essence, the position of those who hold to a fundamental opposition between poetry and science—and it has been stated with much fervor and fluency by Mr. Krutch in his volume, "The Modern Temper."

Mr. Krutch combines under his concept of tragedy both the tragic drama and the tragic spirit. Once a distinction is made between them, however, the issue may look less discouraging. The death of the tragic drama we should attribute to the crumbling of an ideology, as previously explained. The highly fluctuant nature of our thinking at the present time makes more naturally for the essayistic than for the dramatic—and the death of tragedy is a natural corollary of this general situation. The question of "poetic illusions" need not enter.

In the matter of the tragic spirit, however, there seems to be no essential abatement at all. For if tragedy is a sense of man's intimate participation in processes beyond himself, we find that science has replaced the older metaphysical structure with a historical structure which gives the individual man ample grounds to feel such participation. What science has taken from us as a personal relationship to the will of Providence, it has regiven as a personal relationship to the slow, unwieldy movements of human society. It is to the greatest credit of Nietzsche that he made this readjustment so thoroughly, turning from the "tragic dignity" of theology to the "tragic dignity" of history, and showing that if there was something "poetic" in the sense of a stable metaphysical structure personally concerned with the fate of man, there can be something equally "poetic" constructed out of the "illusion" or belief now current, the sense of the individual's place in a historical process. In another way the same readjustment was made by Pater in his "Marius the Epicurean," where the "tragic fallacy" arises from our sense of Marius' close personal relationship to deep alterations in the mentality of peoples. Mr. Krutch himself, had he admitted a distinction between the tragic drama and the tragic spirit, would not have become involved as he does in the task of disproving his own thesis at the close of his book. For having said that tragedy is dead, and that it is dead because the new scientific "truths" have destroyed the tragic "illusions," he ends:

> Some small part of the tragic fallacy may be said indeed to be still valid for us, for if we cannot feel ourselves as great as Shakespeare did, if we no longer believe in either our infinite capacities or our importance in the universe, we know at least that we have discovered the trick which has been played upon us and that whatever else we may be we are no longer dupes.

He will accept the full responsibiities of this "truth," though the "truth" deprive him of something so edifying, so necessary to the most wholesome human expansiveness, as tragedy. "If death for us and our kind is the inevitable result of our stubbornness, then we can only say, 'So be it.' Ours is a lost cause and there is no place for us in the natural universe, but we are not, for all that, sorry to be human. We should rather die as men than live as animals." He pictures those of his kind watching simpler men who, through having gone less far in their thinking, enjoy certain vital advantages (high among which is "tragic importance"). But though recognizing the advantages that lie with the simple, those of his kind will follow their thoughts even to disaster. Such are Mr. Krutch's obdurate conclusions.

Now, tragedy as a mechanism is based upon a calamitous persistence in one's ways. It is "nobler" when the persistence is due to a moral stability on the part of the hero than when it is due to a mere misunderstanding. What, then, if not the formula for tragedy is this position of Mr. Krutch? He will take a personal stand in relation to a *historic* process (the historic process being in this instance the loss of certain magical or theological or metaphysical

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"illusions" based upon "nonscientific" systems of causality)—and in this stand he will persist at all hazards. It is good to have a writer display so well the basic machinery for a modern tragedy in a book heralding the death of all tragedy.

Wordsworth, in his preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," has stated the opposite position quite succinctly. If science, he says,

> should ever create any material revolution, either direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, [the poet will carry] sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Mineralogist, will be as proper objects of the Poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, *if the time should ever come* [our italics] *when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings.*

Which is to say, by our present terms, that if an ideology of science obtains general credence, the poet will poetize it by using it for the production of emotional ("human," "poetic") effects. It is not surprising that this statement should have been made by one whose poetry is a simplification, a utilization of "what is left," rather than an attempt to incorporate much new material. For this simplification itself indicated an appreciation of the fact that an ideology was in a state of remaking—it showed a determination to use only so much of the "certain" as remained fairly intact (which was, for him, sensation, or nature, and the sentiment arising from the exaltation of natural processes).

The primary objection to science so far has been the instability of its beliefs, though this does not apply to the general principles of scientific method (the acceptance of skepticism as a major principle of guidance)—and some few doctrines do seem on the road towards "canonization." High among them will probably be the concept of time as a "fourth dimension" (Mr. J. H. Woodger, in his "Biological Principles," has shown that this concept can serve far beyond the sphere of mathematics). Psychology has perhaps added the word "compensation" as a permanent warning in our terminology of human conduct, and the various aspects of "transference" will probably continue to be stressed. Into the great wilderness of argument and prognostication by statistics we are doubtless permanently launched. A tendency to think in terms of processes will most likely supplant the tendency to think in terms of entities, whereupon "good" and "evil," with all their present concealed shades in our ratings of a "man of character," may be supplanted by such concepts as "adjustment" and "maladjustment." Above all else, the qualities that go with "heroism" will be altered—and not vacillation, but assurance, may be looked upon as the first sign of mental decay. Possibly the Einstein cosmogony will be "naturalized"—whereupon we could have the foundations for a new Dante or Lucretius. And as for dignity, whatever kind of dignity survives will not be based upon a theory of cosmic favoritism, but upon a scheme of human potentialities, a conception of what man "could be" (such a turn from metaphysical to psychological foundations as we have saluted in Nietzsche).

Already there are many new elements to be "poetized." But in so far as the poet "looks before and after," or "binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society," he cannot at this time be concerned with the new alone. He will, if he is sensitive to the entire situation, retreat slowly (or advance slowly, as one prefers), relinquishing only what must be relinquished, retaining the vocabulary of past beauty so long as he can bring himself to feel its validity, yet never closing his eyes in the interests of comfort and respite, but continually testing the valves and wheels of his poetic mechanism, and not for a moment attempting to conceal from himself the fact that some part or other is outworn. It is quite likely that for each belief science takes from us some other belief will be placed in its stead. That a new belief seems more "difficult" or less "poetic" need trouble us little, for the difficulty is not inherent, but arises from the fact that we must alter old methods—and if an old belief existed long enough for genial poets to make it poetic, a new and contrary belief must necessarily seem unpoetic until it in turn has been exploited by a poet.

KENNETH BURKE.

CORRESPONDENCE

Justice in Harlan County

SIR: I have just visited one of the mining regions of Kentucky. In the Harlan County jail I visited with an old friend who is now in the clutches of "the law." Arnold Johnson was previously Sherwood Eddy's secretary and is now preparing for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary. From Dr. Eddy and seminary professors he caught a glimpse of the meaning of religion in economic life and decided to spend his summer doing relief work and other forms of helpful service with the miners of that county, who are on strike against intolerable conditions.

Mr. Johnson came into this region as a representative of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the American Civil Liberties Union, for the purpose of aiding with relief work and the effort to secure justice for the miners. He was soon accused of being an organizer for the I. W. W. and warned by "operators, judge and sheriff" to get out of town. When he refused to be intimidated, he was arrested on a charge of criminal syndicalism, that is, advocacy of the violent overthrow of the government. The evidence produced in court to prove this charge is utterly ridiculous.

A room which he had formerly occupied was searched and some of his papers seized. I was permitted to examine the literature which was supposed to prove his guilt and made a complete list as follows: a copy of The Survey; a copy of The League for Industrial Democracy Monthly; a copy of The Unemployed, published by the League for Industrial Democracy; a copy of "Mr. Justice Langdon Dissents," published by the Arbitrator Press; a copy of "National Defense," by Kirby Page; a copy of "Southern Labor in Revolt"; a copy of "Even Adam Had a Hearing"; a copy of "Gastonia," published by the Conference for the Progressive Labor Organization; two private letters, and a copy of "What Do You Mean—Free Speech?" published by the American Civil Liberties Union.

The last of these pamphlets contains a passage which was the prosecutor's trump card. Primarily on a basis of having in his possession the following words, Arnold Johnson is behind prison bars as an enemy of society:

> Therefore, it is perfectly clear that orderly progress can be achieved only by unlimited free speech. No man should ever be locked up for what he says—even if he advocates overthrowing the government by violence, or advises the destruc-

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tion of property. Let him spout any foolishness he likes. The time to lock him up is when he actually starts to do something. If someone who hears him takes his advice and starts something, lock them both up.

No effort was made to prove that Johnson had advocated the violent overthrow of government, nor even that he had circulated literature which advocated the use of violence for this purpose. Solely on the charge that he had in his possession the literature listed above, he is being held for the exorbitant bail of $10,000, half of which is appearance bail and half peace bail. The latter is a guarantee that he will not disturb the peace in any way, and would probably be forfeited on another fake charge. Excessive bail is one of the weapons being used against the miners. The prosecutor indicated that the case would be dropped if Arnold would agree to leave the county, but he has refused to accept release as long as the second five thousand dollars peace bail is demanded.

The domination of the region by the coal operators includes unwavering support from their hired men who are elected as sheriffs and judges. Thousands of men throughout Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and other coal regions, are victims of even more flagrant miscarriages of justice than that of which Arnold Johnson is the victim. Additional evidence could have been secured by the Wickersham Commission for its report on "lawlessness in law enforcement" if its representatives had examined the situation in this area.

What do those persons who believe in justice and fair play propose to do about it?

KIRBY PAGE.

New York City.

From a Hardened Single-Taxer

SIR: There certainly are lots of things we need in our families, not to mention jobs. There are just as many that we need in our town or in our township. More schools, better teachers, more roads, proper public buildings, better police protection, prompt trials of lawsuits, more street lights and so on. Yet every politician cries for economy and lower taxes. What we want is more expenditures to help business; and higher taxes to pay for them. Let's have them. If we cut the pay of officials, we increase the temptation to graft and we get poor service from cheap men. Most people are agreed now that it is short sighted to cut wages even in hard times.

Nobody really wants economy, what we would like to have is efficiency. Nobody really wants lower taxes. Nobody wants them and nobody will get them. We want only to have the taxes paid by those who get the benefit of them. That's fair, isn't it? Do public improvements and skimping on civil servants' salaries raise the price of your stock in the store or in the factory or the farm? Why, no; the wise expenditures of public money or outlays by civic political or industrial bodies raises nothing but rent.

The new post office, or bridge, or boulevard, or bus line, or street car, raises the price of adjoining lands. The new factory or high school, even the church starts a boom in land—not in clothing, or food or other goods. Financially, they benefit the owners of land, mainly and eventually. Then why not let those owners pay for them? Take the increased values of the land to pay for that which caused the increase. Why pay your taxes once to the collector and again to the land holder in an increase of your rent?

Now, we propose lower rents and to take the rents of land instead of taxes. That's practical. Let's have lots of improvements, but don't pay for them twice, once in your tax bill and again in your rent—athough it's your landlord that gets the benefit of it.

Henry George's name for his associates was "The Anti-Poverty Society." It later came to be known as "The Single Tax"—but that is another story.

The doctrine of twelve of our fourteen "Single Tax" papers is that the land belongs to the people, morally and even legally, and that to take the entire rent of it now would abolish the monopoly of land and with it almost all monopolies, and open up practically unlimited opportunity for the employment of labor now.

BOLTON HALL.

New York City.

Paging Mr. Chambless

SIR: Some of your readers may remember a very interesting book called "Roadtown," by Edgar Chambless. It has many times occurred to me that the project should be put before the State Planning Commission of Soviet Russia. I wonder if any one among your readers can give me the present address of Mr. Chambless.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Station A,
Pasadena, Calif.

The Machine-made House

SIR: Before the Mumford and Haskell controversy over the merits of the machine-made house is forgotten may I add some thoughts prompted by a recent trip to eight typical cities of the North, Central and Middle West, for the express purpose of studying the current trends and activity of home building?

I believe, as do both of these writers, that the machine-made house is inevitable. I agree with Haskell that mechanically and perhaps economically it can and should accomplish much, and that in doing so it must affect much more than those improvements in method and materials which have to do with the construction "shell" of the house. On the other hand, I see with Mumford some of the horrors of the machine-made house awkwardly fitted into our half machine-made life with left-overs of romanticism and "individuality" and personal cussedness. I can see the hearty welcome from the neighboring inhabitants of English half-timber house and Spanish half-shell bungalows as the neighborhood playboy erects on the vacant lot his "modern" glass and corrugated asbestos contraption on stilts and decorated with a sheet of shiny monometal over the left eye.

But it is quite germane that we should seriously discuss the question, because machine-made houses are as inevitable as the proverbial little turtles. If we must have them, let's try to have them accomplish something, so that they may not be an equally inane substitute for the stupidity of our ordinary mass production of today. For we are already tending to approximate mass production in the small house; an unguided mass production, without the economies and the superior direction of mass production at its best. In the eight cities mentioned above, reliable estimates indicated that individual owners were building for themselves less than 5 percent (in two cities less than 2 percent) of the total of new homes, the remainder being the product of builder-contractors for speculative sale. When under these conditions the builders' product to a very large degree assumes a uniform plan, usually of the bungalow type, with markedly undesirable plan features, it becomes permissible to ask whether the public is getting what it wants, or is being made to think that it wants what it is getting.

The defects of these houses are not primarily bad quality, excessively bad taste, or even unreasonable cost. The outstanding defect is one which, alas, will probably continue to be repeated whether our houses are erected brick by brick to imitate medieval castles or are electro-welded to look like escaped sections of the county jail: namely, our total and utter lack of appreciation of the fact that the quality of a house plan is definitely and irrevocably related to its site and setting. At the present writing there is too little encouragement to believe that the machine-made house will alter the situation in this respect. Our unimaginativeness is too deep-rooted. Related planning has escaped our consciousness alike as planners, builders and owners. Failing to recognize the individual dwelling as an integral part of a well ordered community so arranged that rooms may be related to sunlight or prevailing breezes, we naturally fall back upon such gadgets as "conditioned air" and artificial sun rays to make up for the deficiencies of the repetitive narrow lot plan. In short, the problem becomes removed from the province of planning to that of the inventor.

Whether the advent of the machine-made house is being hastened as fast as it might be is one question, but the much more important question, to my mind, is whether, as it approaches, the large body of technicians who should be concerned with its evolution will be able to master the complexity of the problem, and contribute to the real advancement of human comfort and well being.

HENRY WRIGHT.

New York City.

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The Frontier and Literature

The Rediscovery of the Frontier, by Percy H. Boynton. University of Chicago Press. 185 pages. $2.50.

EVER SINCE the close of the World War, we have seen a remarkable growth of self-consciousness and self-examination on the part of American writers, who have been led to abandon themselves to voluminous speculation over their cultural past. It is as if, Mr. Boynton says, America has awakened to find its youth gone and maturity suddenly achieved. The explorers, trappers and bad men, the pioneers and empire builders who were with us so recently, now appear to exist at a great and incredible remove, as we speed across their happy hunting grounds in eight-cylinder cars or soundproof pullmans; and it is plausible to have them heroic and picturesque, above all to regard their role as decisive in the making of the nation. Thus, a body of literature has arisen which treats of those "primitive" or frontier periods out of which the present elaborately organized society seems to have emerged. These retrospective writings, at times, take the form of social history, after the manner of Frederick J. Turner's "The Significance of the American Frontier"; at others the medium of fiction is used, under the mantle of Fenimore Cooper—though the face of the medal is often cruelly reversed by young "backtrailers" like Glenway Wescott. Of this whole fascinating literary subject Mr. Percy Boynton's study is a discriminating, if brief, survey, ranging from early examples of Americana to latterday motion pictures like "The Covered Wagon."

The question of the frontier, it seems to me, should be approached from two different aspects: its effect on our literature and arts, and its effect on the social development and morale of our people. Such a distinction between effects—which Mr. Boynton does not attempt—seems arbitrary; cultural products and morale are usually interdependent, so that an effect upon the one should have been registered by the other. But what actually results, upon rigorous examination, is that the phenomena of frontier life, although they played a decisive part in the American social development, did so in a sense that was inimical to artistic production.

For three centuries the destiny of Americans was completely contained within the pioneering idea of conquering and exploiting their virgin continent. Their history is epitomized by the westering movement of the white hordes, beginning at the Atlantic seaboard, and halting at the shores of the Pacific toward the end of the nineteenth century. Is there not endless folklore in the story of those great marches, as there was in the Peloponnesian wars or in the Crusades? And did not the great effort of physical conquest—especially in its more rapid and spectacular phase during the nineteenth century—stamp the people of this continent with the particular character of their common experience? Should not an epic literature have been created by the children of the frontier as a monument to their violent history?

There are, to be sure, the premature salutes of an Eastern poet, Whitman. But his prophesies were proved to be unfounded, his utopia was betrayed. The pioneers' local product in Kentucky and Ohio, "Yankee humor in Western garb," was close to zero as literature; their romances were generally tall stuff, or pretty highfalutin. The fatal cycle through which the frontier towns passed, from their character as "Hell-on-wheels," filled with "blondes, bar fixtures and building materials" to that of tame municipalities fallen upon the evil ways of shaving, bathing, real-estate speculation and golf, was never mirrored in a powerful social novel. In the Far West, Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller made us suspect everything that smacked of the old Californian sentimentalism. And their facile, romantic followers, who are legion nowadays—even including Mrs. Fullerton Gerould—those who paint the "gay anarchy," the "vital and romantic code" of cowboys, herdsmen and ranchers, have distressed us even further. The picture of the mining frontier is surely in Mark Twain, and that of the agricultural frontier is certainly to be found in the later Hamlin Garland's disillusioning work, "A Son of the Middle Border"; but these documents, like so many others examined by modern commentators, have finally divested the pioneers of their traditional glamour. The history of the rough-and-tumble frontiersman who built an empire "by serving themselves," seems to lack all the rich values which are the motive force of an epic literature. For, as Frederick J. Turner says at the end of his history, "The Wilderness masters the colonist . . . the environment is too strong at first." The frontiersman must submit, adapt himself completely to the primitive conditions, abandoning all those surplus activities of the European man, reflection, self-perfection, revery, so that he is neither civilized man nor aborigine, so that he creates neither a "primitive" art nor a sophisticated art.

The frontier, as Mr. Boynton himself concludes, "not only does not describe itself, it also fails to present its own epic implications." But did the frontiersmen ever have any "epic implications"? To be sure, there emerged upon the successive frontiers quite legendary characters who disposed of immense power; but it was a power upon whose motives, upon whose wisdom and justice, most people at heart felt great reservations. There is, of course, no telling how much the passage of time will ennoble the famous privateers of the frontier zones. Perhaps, for the epic poets of the future, a Collis P. Huntington may pass for Ulysses, while a General Custer, in his last stand against the original property-owners, may do very well for a Roland. But this literary miracle has not taken place thus far, and the reason may be seen in the particular evolution undergone by the frontier spirit.

The early idea of the influence of the frontier upon men, as expressed by intelligent immigrants, was that the pioneer inevitably became an American, "by being received in the broad lap of our great Alma Mater." Thus wrote Crèvecoeur, late in the eighteenth century, in his famous "Letters from an American Farmer." Individuals of all nations are "melted together into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the Western pilgrims, who are carrying with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor and industry, which began long since in the East; they will finish the great circle."

The hope that a regular and beneficial procedure of social evolution would take place upon the succession of frontiers was enthusiastically shared by many thinkers up to the middle of the nineteenth century. They held that the movement was "impelled by poverty, manned by youth, buoyed by hope, and maintained by hard and unremitting toil." It was egalitarian and libertarian; the frontier was not governed by any theory of democracy, but produced democracy itself, as Rousseau said primitive conditions would produce it. It was true that with approximately half the continent empty, nobody need feel constraint, nor suffer long from such traffic congestion as we now boast of; if the older society of the East, with its established

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traditions and classes, irked a man, he could be off to a comparatively free world, where men lived in impatient resentment of authority, in impatience at any assumption of superiority. This more or less happy condition resulting from the common experience of possessing, occupying and transforming the wilderness, was "an enormous determinant in American life," as Turner pointed out. "The great American West . . . taught a new way of looking at the destiny of the common man, trained them . . . to the conditions of the New World. . . . American democracy came out of the American forest, and it gained strength each time it touched a new frontier."

True, the great open spaces tolerated no priestly or aristocratic hierarchies, and effectually erased the old inequalities. But it was not long before a term was put to the happy, disheveled epoch, and new inequalities loomed up which outstripped the old. For, if the frontier was the natural breeding place of social idealism, why was so little true democracy left along the shores of Lake Michigan or in the valleys of California? The answer is that the primitive environment of the frontier actually created no social philosophy other than the anarchic individualism of the jungle. This is the conclusion of most of the newer biographers and historians whom Mr. Boynton studies. And besides, whatever conception of freedom or fraternity the frontier may have engendered for a historical moment, the idea of industrialism which soon swept the whole nation was by far the stronger. Industrialism, with its factories and its division of labor, soon transformed the great American West into a source of raw materials—and later into real estate. The last generation on the frontier, that which followed the Civil War, saw a race for preëmption upon a vast scale; all who were strong or ruthless enough entered the fight for prizes upon which industrialism fixed a fabulous value. This was the final drama of the frontier; its moral temper has been represented as well in the writings of E. W. Howe as anywhere else, and has been summarized authoritatively by H. L. Mencken:

> The only real human motive is enlightened self-interest; altruism is not only bogus, but impossible.
>
> The first object of self-interest is to survive. The possession of money makes it easier to survive. Ergo it is virtuous to get money.
>
> A man who gets it is a better citizen than one who doesn't; what he does for himself also benefits the community in general.
>
> The aim of all reformers is to get something for themselves. They pretend that it isn't . . . they are liars.
>
> Any American of average talents and decent industry can get enough money. . . .
>
> Any man who fails to do so shows unfitness to survive, and deserves to be exploited by his betters. . . .
>
> The people have a remedy for all public abuses in their hands. If they fail to get relief, then the blame rests upon their own imbecility. . . etc.

Here is a candid profession of faith which emerged from the "vitality" and the "vivacity" of a vanished frontier and certainly bespeaks its qualities of unsettled, lawless transition. It is a statement of faith that might stand very well as the national one—up to the calamities of 1929-1931; but it is difficult to conceive how a great native art might come to attach itself to such traditions.

Out of the agricultural West, during the last two decades, notable works of literature have appeared, truthful and penetrating, like those of Sinclair Lewis, or eloquent, like those of Glenway Wescott. But Mr. Boynton is misled, I believe, in treating such works as the product of the frontier. They are instead the reactions to a settled (and constricted) rural society which has supplanted the frontier; they point clearly to a social situation more limited on the side of material opportunities, but for that very reason far more conducive to intellectual creation.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Hokum Wins

The Opening of a Door, by George Davis. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Brothers in the West, by Robert Raynolds. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THESE two novels have nothing in common beyond the fact that they are first novels. "The Opening of a Door" is subtle, intensive, dramatic, full of sharp perception—and it is about a family that has backtrailed from a farming district to the city. "Brothers in the West" is designed to be epic, episodic, generalized, wildly glamorous—and it is about the bold, brave frontiersmen who roamed the American West before the railroads had eaten beyond the hundredth meridian and ruined the fenceless kingdom of Buffalo Bill. Had each of these books been published by a different house, or a year apart by the same house, no one would think of grouping them. Yet there is a sinister logic in reviewing them together. For both of them (we have it from the most reliable sources) were candidates for the Harper Prize for 1931-2, and the better book lost. "The Opening of a Door" announces a new talent that may mean something in American fiction, yet "Brothers in the West"—an inferior book according to any intelligent scale—got the money and the attendant publicity. It is, of course, not ours to reason why (so mysterious is the mechanism of this prize awarding), but someone has blundered, whether in the publisher's office, the judge's chamber, or in the veto. One would hate to put all the blame on the heads of the judges—Carl Van Doren, Ellen Glasgow and Bliss Perry—for the plain fact of the matter is that "Brothers in the West" is largely hokum.

Bernard de Voto, out of his familiarity with the lives of Western leaders from Brigham Young to Kit Carson, has said that Americans have not yet had the courage to doubt their loveliest myth. Certainly Mr. Van Doren, Miss Glasgow and Mr. Perry have not doubted it when doubt would have been easy, and wholly advisable. A good myth is not the product of synthetic intelligence; it is the result of spontaneous wonder. "Brothers in the West" is an attempt to ape, through the avenue of the intelligence, what must grow naturally to be convincing. Again, a good myth must bear, like Emerson's heaven, a certain proportion to earth. "Brothers in the West" bears little. Its West has no flavor in it, either of space or time. The brothers—one rufous blonde, the other dark—have taken it into their heads to wander the West until they shall discover their place of birth. They do wild and woolly things. One of them, David, takes up with a girl who is, so we guess, the spirit of untamed beauty. But the story is all so hopelessly general, and yet so chained to littleness; it aims at the Homeric, yet there are no Homeric episodes. Mr. Raynolds would do well to look up Paul Bunyan and his blue ox. The style of the book reminds one of a picture postcard of the Mammoth Cave; it is supposed to be eerie, will-o'-the-wispy, but it is mechanical.

"The Opening of a Door," on the other hand, con-

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vinces at once by its style. Faintly precious, suggestive of the later work of Glenway Wescott, Mr. Davis' prose is germane to his subject, which is the decadence of a family. The book is built out of little tyrannies, petty bonds. It might have been one of those oh, so Freudian stories of the awful silver cord; but the neuroses, the complexes, are all off stage. Speech, action, gesture, occasional narrative—these are all that Mr. Davis permits himself. First he sets the pattern dimly, then he proceeds to clarify it. There is a boy, Edward, a grandson of the imperious old lady whose family is so decorously arranged about her in the Chicago flat, to serve as Mr. Davis' own point of orientation in the story. The others—grandma, who has lost her memory; Aunt Alexandra, who dabbles in theosophy; Aunt Flora, the family scribe; Uncle Lincoln, the dipsomaniac who is so sensitive to family honor and the proper care of little mother; Uncle Albert, who had the affair with the bloated blonde; Aunt Theodora, who married an Armenian and lost her superb aplomb—are all faintly fetid; they smell of the funeral parlor. Gradually, almost by inadvertence, the whole past of this family is put before the reader. Tensions are revealed; the skeletons come out of the closet. If there is one criticism to be made of "The Opening of a Door," it is that Mr. Davis has not adhered strictly to his method; he breaks in now and then with straight narrative to bring his story up to date, and the web of his art shakes ever so little. But it does not break.

"The Opening of a Door" deserved the prize. But prizes have fallen into such disrepute of late through judicial feeble-mindedness that perhaps it is better that Mr. Davis' dignity has not been compromised by papier-mâché laurels.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Catullus on 14th Street

The Complete Poems of Catullus, translated by Horace Gregory. With drawings by Zhenya Gay. New York: Covici-Friede. 351 pages. $5.

MR. HORACE GREGORY'S distinguished translation of Catullus has the vitality and freshness of a new book of contemporary verse. The poet, full of invectives, metropolitan irritations and heated diatribes, is curiously modern. The poems themselves are a remarkable and violent self-portrait, so vivid that any biography would seem gratuitous.

Catullus was a poet of the city. Coming out of the sticks, like a number of our best American writers, he wrote about the politics, the hacks, the homos, the pussy-footing leaders of a Tammany Hall Rome that in many ways suggests New York today. How current are the following lines, how apropos these paeans to a veritably Hooverian prosperity:

> Furius, you've no slaves, no box to hold your money,
> for you have no money,
> no spiders (and no walls where spiders live) no hearth,
> nor fire—
>
> All's well and it's no wonder:
> you still digest what food may come your way: no
> falling
> house to fear (no home) to be destroyed by fire, wind,
> or rain or
> thieves, no poison will end your lives. Ill fortune
> cannot perfect your ruin.
>
> Why here's prosperity!
> You cannot sweat, saliva
> shall not drip from your lips, you have no phlegm and
> therefore
> no running nose.

Catullus is very near to us and to our times, much nearer and much less of an anachronism in these alrightnik states than Harvard, Princeton or Congress. There is a definite connection between Catullus and the current reader. There is a common meeting ground, a sociological tie-up which our Eastern exchequer colleges have failed to preserve, with a living, mobile and economic America. Why, even our penny arcades with crowded dirty-postcard movie machines, our vaudeville gags and snickering jokes about pansies and fruits, are nearer to us. They are a richer library: there are more imaginative prose and verse lines in our ribald music halls than in our antique-shoppe corridors of learning, politics or literature

The energy of Catullus, which comes to us as a surprise, is the quality that Horace Gregory has caught and rendered so well in the colloquial idiom. In communicating to the reader the directness and the temper of the Roman poet, Mr. Gregory has judged that living speech would be more effective and accurate than a factitious sixteenth or seventeenth-century English vocabulary. And of course he is right. Moreover, he has used the idiom with sparing economy and a rigorous selective taste. Where Catullus himself is artificial, where his lines are obviously rhetorical and imitative of the Greeks, Mr. Gregory employs a more literary vocabulary. Elsewhere he has tried to be as simple as possible, while retaining the cadence and movement of the original. He has endeavored to penetrate the layers and layers of Anglo-Saxon traditional literary patterns that have dried like a thick cake over the original Catullus. As a very simple example (I do not know Latin and have had to consult with one who does; however, I have read enough dull translations to know what is alive and what is dead) the following lines testify to the freedom of style he achieves:

> Now warm-smelling Spring has come
> and here's our sweet weather,
> and the gallant West wind
> clears dark April skies,
> Say goodbye, Catullus, to the plains of Asia Minor,
> leave these spawning farmlands
> and heat-sick Nicea.

Here Mr. Gregory has substituted "West wind" for the customary "Zephyrus," and "dark April skies" for "Equinox." I suppose another translator following his predecessors would have preferred "farewell" to "goodbye." I have never been able to understand why the one is considered more poetic than the other. Nothing seems so absurd as this kind of effete eclecticism in language, this remnant of verbal aristocracy. Before Lessing's time, it was bad taste to have the stage center around working people: they were only fit to be clown, butlers, harlequins; they had no drama in them. Now it is their language that we still apologize for using.

It would have been silly, as some previous translators have done, to have rendered the epigrammatical lines, the poems on pederasty and other Roman-New Yorkese perversions in the stale euphemisms of the drawing-room. Moreover, it would have been out of keeping with the splenetic profane Catullus. The direct speech in the poem to Gellius, and in that to Suffenus the scribbler, the dainty esthete who wrote his stanzas on "magnificent vellum

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bound in parchment with neat ribbons," makes it all the more incisive and alive. An almost unexpurgated Catullus will doubtless scandalize a number of readers and university professors. Nevertheless, I believe that Horace Gregory's warm and living translation will survive their revulsions. EDWARD DAHLBERG.

A Diplomat Remembers

The Memoirs of Prince von Bülow. Vol. I: From Secretary of State to Imperial Chancellor, 1897–1903. Translated by F. A. Voigt. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 751 pages. $5.

NOT SINCE the publication of Bismarck's "Reflections and Reminiscences" a generation ago, have any memoirs stirred up such a storm in Germany as those of Prince von Bülow. Giving vent to the long pent-up bitterness of years of retirement, in which he was forced to sit with folded arms and see his country crushed and humiliated, he has attacked unmercifully both the living and the dead, having prudently postponed publication until after his own death in 1929. Whereas the Iron Chancellor's memoirs were generally admired and made considerable contributions to the history of his time, the same can hardly be said for Bülow's.

The comparison, however, is perhaps unfair. Bismarck was able to tell a fresh story, revealing—not always quite accurately, to be sure—the motives and methods by which he wanted posterity to believe he had built up the German Empire. It was Bülow's misfortune that his memoirs were anticipated by the great forty-volume "Grosse Politik," giving the detailed documents of German secret diplomacy from 1871 to 1914. There were hardly any important diplomatic revelations left for Bülow to make. His own most important dispatches and notes had already been placed at the disposal of historians. So he resorted to writing memoirs more in the amusing French anecdotic style, with semi-philosophic observations. His work is a clever and entertaining *causerie,* largely about the personalities of his wide acquaintance. He has a great fondness for biographical details, and scarcely ever mentions a man without having something to say about his wife or his ancestors.

Curiously enough, Bülow does not begin with an account of his boyhood, early life, and rapid diplomatic advancement in Athens, Paris, St. Petersburg, Bucharest and Rome. These are reserved for the fourth and last volume, and have a worthy, pleasant, even noble flavor, quite different from the acid bitterness, fault-finding and personal aspersions of the three volumes covering his years at Berlin from 1897 to 1929.

Bülow never forgave the Kaiser for dropping him in 1909 and for failing thereafter to make any use of his valuable qualities and experience (except during the mission to Rome in 1914-15). Recalling how Frederick the Great's brother erected a monument inscribed with the names of those unjustly treated by the king, Bülow adds: "If such a monument were to be put up for the victims of William II, it would bear a far larger list of names"—Bismarck, Caprivi, Waldersee, Miquel, Tirpitz, Bronsart, Ludendorff—"nor would my name be missing." This is the keynote throughout. He harps repeatedly on the weakness, pettiness, ingratitude and lack of tact of the Kaiser, on the intrigues of Holstein, Flotow, Monts and Philip Eulenburg, and on the folly and blindness of his own successors at the Foreign Office, Bethmann and Jagow. In so doing he hardly displays that tact which he continually insists is the most important quality in a diplomat.

Though Bülow had a great admiration and love for Bismarck, and generally tried to follow his policies, he did not have his great predecessor's courage in facing German public opinion, or his success in keeping the friendship of England. Soon after he became Secretary of State in 1897, he approved the policy of building a big German navy, which led inevitably to England's antagonism. Nor does he explain very satisfactorily why he came to no friendly agreement with England at the turn of the century. He cites the objections of Hatzfeldt and Richthofen to an alliance with England, and quotes Holstein's statement that the attempt to build a big German navy and also keep the friendship of England was like trying to square the circle. Apparently the main reasons for his indifference toward England's feelers for a friendly understanding were his desire to meet the Kaiser's wish for a big navy, his fear of German public opinion during the Boer War, and his expectation that England would be willing to offer more later on.

In his domestic policy he resembled Bismarck in opposing strongly the rising power of the Social Democrats, but differed from him in his friendly and tolerant treatment of the Roman Catholics. His wife, a daughter of Marco Minghetti, was a Roman Catholic, and he always got on well with Catholics in Berlin and in Rome. He was inclined to think that the diplomats of the Vatican were equal or superior to those of the Great Powers. He cites with glee the Kaiser's lack of tact in wanting to ask a cardinal whether he believed that Protestants would go to Heaven. Bülow, who was acting as interpreter, protested against asking the question. But the Kaiser insisted. The cardinal remained silent for a moment, and then replied, "God's mercy is infinite."

The volume is provided with the same excellent portraits and interesting facsimiles of documents as the German original. SIDNEY B. FAY.

Book Notes

HISTORY

THE ENGLISH MEDIEVAL FEAST, by William Edward Mead. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 272 pages. $5.*

Nothing could be more elaborate, more splendid or more fantastic than the banquets of fifteenth-century England, as this book proves. It deals, in more detail and with more repetition than is inevitable, with the kind, the cost and the preparation of food, the scene of the feast and the serving thereof, as well as its malign effects on those who consumed it. The book succeeds in defining the gulf between this age and that. For one thing, every medieval dish, from poached eggs to peacock's tongues, was a medley of incompatibles, minced, mashed and doused with spices until it was unrecognizable. The volume should be a sure cure for our Miniver Cheevys: the diet would probably kill them.

SOCIAL POLITICS AND MODERN DEMOCRACIES, by Charles W. Pipkin. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols. 794 pages. $7.50.*

Professor Pipkin's survey of the development of an effective social conscience in France and England, to each of which he devotes a volume, is comprehensive and substantial. The summaries are particularly good, France from the Revolution to 1871, and England from 1801 to 1901. The wealth of detail for the modern period is valuable for the scholar, but possibly too tedious for the general reader. One suggestive idea of the author's is that fighting for specific social ends has made the working people of

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both countries not only politically conscious but also politically skillful, and that they may be expected to use that skill for more profound programs of change.

Music

MORE MELLOWS, by R. Emmet Kennedy. *New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 178 pages. $4.*

Mr. Kennedy offers here a new collection of Negro spirituals. Most of them include music, and the compiler portrays at length the folk life which engendered these songs. Some he got from old women, ex-slaves. One was "moaned" on the scaffold by a young Negro, who then faced death calmly. They range widely in theme—death bed, gospel train, Philistine, Babylon, jail, sin, salvation, repentance, hard trials. Mr. Kennedy has done a commendable service in preserving this folk music in original form.

Psychology

RACE PSYCHOLOGY, by Thomas Russell Garth. *New York: Whittlesey House. 260 pages. $2.50.*

The author of this book is a professor of experimental psychology. His studies in the mental differences of races deal, therefore, not with such features as are disclosed by actual cultural achievement, but with the more fundamental psychological traits that are capable of more or less exact measurement. The results thus far obtained are rather negative. Races do not differ in sensory traits; all races of men see and hear equally well, and are equally sensitive to pain. Intellectually, there is no difference between Caucasians and Mongolians (Chinese and Japanese), but American Indians and Negroes rank considerably lower; the latter result is, however, open to the criticism that the element of "nurture," or education in the broadest sense, has not been equalized. Differences in art may be accounted for by differences in materials, tradition and technical skill, and not in esthetic impulse. The general conclusion is that there are no sure evidences of real racial differences in mental traits. Indeed, the notion itself of race as something permanent and unchangeable, is regarded by Professor Garth as "artificial, a myth."

World Politics

INTERNATIONAL MIGRATIONS: Volume II, Interpretations, by a Group of Scholars in Different Countries. Edited by Walter F. Willcox. *New York: National Bureau of Economic Research. 715 pages. $5.*

This volume consists of a series of studies, largely statistical in nature, dealing with the movements of population. It shows that the greatest source of migratory currents in the last several centuries was Europe, and that today one-eleventh of the earth's population consists of Europeans by blood who are living outside of that continent. Those who fear the "yellow peril" will be surprised to learn that the rate of growth of the population of Europe since 1750 has been more than twice that of Asia. Despite the value of this volume, it is a mistake to call it interpretative, since the authors do not attempt to answer such questions as whether or not migration has any necessary connection with population increase, or whether or not Oriental immigration would really swamp the earth if exclusion laws were repealed.

THUNDER OVER EUROPE, by E. Alexander Powell. *New York: Ives Washburn. 303 pages. $3.*

Colonel Powell apprehends very clearly and sets forth most forcibly the ever active causes of the next European war. These are: the Polish Corridor (which includes the problems of Danzig and East Prussia), Upper Silesia, Eastern Galicia, the insatiable Polish greed for more territory, the accumulated grievances (whether justified or not) of Italy against France and Jugoslavia. The real dangers to the peace of Europe are thus seen to be, not on the Rhine, but in the East and Southeast, with Poland and Italy as the active ferment. The policy of these two countries is inspired by ambition, while that of France and Germany is inspired by fear. On the other hand, Colonel Powell finds himself completely at sea when he attempts an appraisal of Soviet policy; his hatred of communism blinds him to the most patent fact in Soviet foreign policy, which is its fear of war. The Soviet needs peace in order to prosper; this is as true now as it was in 1919.

THE BACKGROUND OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS, by Charles Hodges. *New York: John Wiley and Sons. 743 pages. $5.*

Professor Hodges attempts to dramatize the subject of international relations. He has a flair for vivid maps and illustrations; and from this standpoint his book represents a real contribution. However, he is less interested in the scientific aspects of international relations than in a geographical and sociological approach; so that apart from his maps, his efforts have not been entirely successful. His treatment of most questions lacks the precision which the student of international relations requires—seldom does he come to real grips with a problem. The book also seems poorly organized.

Fiction

MARTIN'S SUMMER, by Vicki Baum. *New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.*

Here is an Alger story out of the German: swimming instructor develops great chemical invention, takes bicycle out of hock and marries daughter of wealthy manufacturer. Courage, chastity, a handsome face and a heart of gold triumph over every obstacle and every temptation. While not to be compared with "Grand Hotel," this latest novel by Vicki Baum is a spritely tale, written with considerable charm and humor. As the hero constantly jumps in and out of a chilly mountain lake, the book can be recommended as excellent hot-weather reading.

SUN UP, by Will James. *New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

Will James knows the range from Mexico to Canada and the cowboys who ride it. His language and anecdotal preoccupations are theirs. "Sun Up," a collection of cow-camp tales, is the sort of cow-country writing for which he is well known. His illustrations for the book are of the same order. Stickups, broncho busting, naïve and chivalrous love, rustlers, sourdoughs, fill his pages. He captures the Western spirit much better than most of the numerous writers of Western stories. His narrative is crammed with action, colored with incidental cowboy philosophy. This type of story will always have a wide appeal, perhaps, but the yarns are obvious and much too true to genre.

Contributors

Joseph Percival Pollard is a Colorado attorney.

Carleton Beals has long been a resident of Mexico City, where politics and the price of silver are the two chief topics of conversation. He now holds a Guggenheim fellowship and is gathering materials for a life of Porfirio Díaz.

Harry W. Laidler, executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy, has recently completed, after four years of research, a study of "The Concentration of American Industry," soon to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell.

Matthew Josephson, formerly editor of Broom and an active participant in the Dada manifestations in Paris, is the author of a life of Zola, the "Portrait of the Artist as American," and a critical biography of Rousseau, which Harcourt, Brace will publish this fall.

John Chamberlain, known as a critic of American fiction, is associate editor of The New York Times Book Review.

Edward Dahlberg is the author of "Bottom Dogs," a novel written in that "living speech" which he believes should be the medium of American authors. He is spending the summer in Provincetown, where he is completing a second novel.

Sidney B. Fay, professor of Modern European History at Harvard University, is an internationally known authority on the causes of the World War.

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